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Tangled Account in Korea

THE Korean armistice talks have now dragged on through months of indecisive fighting and confused negotiation. The record is indeed, in Mr. Eden's phrase, "a tangled account" whose technicalities are hard to follow and whose larger meaning is still more obscure. Nominally, the opposing delegates are debating military details. In fact, General Nam Il and Admiral Joy have been playing political cards dealt by Great Powers whose prestige is at stake, and whose bargaining strength on the world stage is being tested at Panmunjon. So the game has been played, until those who seek to avert world war begin to wonder who wants Korean peace. Are both sides—or is either side—serious about it? Or does each have a price-limit, beyond which it would think peace in the peninsula too expensive or too insecure?

The optimist may find hope in the concessions each side has made. Since October, when talks were resumed, the Communists have yielded their original demand that the demarcation line be based on the 38th Parallel. In accepting the present "contact" line, they also waived the request for an immediate cease-fire and assented to the December 27 deadline for a stand-still proposed by the Americans; and now they have met the American demand to discuss the exchange of prisoners before earlier items on the truce agenda are agreed. In turn, the Americans have virtually called off the military pressure on the Communist lines which at one time General Ridgway was insisting was the only way to wring anything out of General Nam Il and his Chinese colleagues. The Americans have also made some lesser concessions of substance and procedure to keep the talks going.

Yet complete agreement still seems distant. The Communists claim the right to repair airfields, and insist that the U.N. Command shall not refresh by "rotation" its tired divisions. The Americans press their right not only to rotate their units, but also to retain some islands north of the ground line and to send their ships anywhere around Korea save in (undefined) coastal waters. There remains, too, the crucial question whether the truce is to be supervised by a neutral commission, as the Communists want, or, as the U.N. suggests, by a mixed commission nominated by the belligerents.

It is on these signs of deadlock that the pessimist rests his case. Are the Communists seeking to gain time, to rest and strengthen their ground troops, and to build up a powerful air striking force? Are the Americans jibbing for fear that a Korean settlement might ultimately mean their withdrawal from the whole peninsula and its absorption in the Communist world? At the present moment, can either side look for more from the talks at Panmunjon than a mutually convenient breathing space? For the Chinese and the North Koreans, an armistice, like the war itself, means accepting the (at least temporary) division of Korea and the continued presence of American forces within striking distance of Mukden and Peking. For the Americans it would still involve an indefinite and non-productive military commitment—a liability that would continue even though it would be lightened by the saving of American lives and wealth and the lessening of world tension that might follow a truce. For both sides, therefore, an armistice has its rewards and penalties, and part of the indecision that has marked the negotiations on both sides must spring from their inability to cast a satisfying balance sheet.

Over the tent at Panmunjon there falls a lengthening shadow which neither combatant can ignore. The alternative to an armistice is now the risk of world war. The Korean incident can no longer be regarded by either U.N. or Communist generals as a form of intensive training for their troops. With the arrival of an up-to-date air force, the Chinese may now be able to throw a heavy and perhaps unbearable burden upon U.N. troops which have not hitherto in this war experienced the inconvenience of having their communications interrupted. America is aware that the only replies to this new threat would be either to gather men and materials from many other bases, or to start dropping atomic bombs. These dangers increase the desire of Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson to avoid war against China, and perhaps explain why American policy fluctuates between phases of sincere effort to reach settlement and phases in which the initiative is seized by some U.S. general who believes that war with China is inevitable, and that it may be good policy to publish admittedly unauthentic atrocity figures at a crucial moment of the negotiations. The conclusion seems to be that, whatever Chinese policy may be, the U.N.'s desire for peace on reasonable terms should be beyond doubt. America's allies in Korea should insist on this even at the cost of upsetting some American politicians and generals. Both China and the U.N. know that the alternative to world war now is stalemate in Korea. It seems better that the stalemate should be recognised, even in an indecisive armistice.

Guerilla War in Egypt?

The important news from Egypt this week is the "decision" to permit the "free arming" of the Egyptian people. If this be seriously meant, the picture is potentially that of guerilla war when seen in conjunction with General Erskine's military operation in driving a new road through a Canal Zone village. Hitherto both Governments have at least admitted the propriety of sharing the responsibility for the maintenance of law and order. The new Egyptian move appears to reverse that attitude. This journal has repeatedly observed that Mr. Churchill's policy towards Egypt might well land Britain with a military commitment heavy enough to stultify any wider objective of policy. The latest news suggests that these warnings have been justified. The fires of nationalism are well alight in Egypt; and once that happens, as the Labour Government appreciated in India but forgot in Persia, the only thing is to make a political *beau geste* quickly while something can be saved by agreement from the wreckage. There is little, if any, time now left to strike a compromise with the Egyptian nationalists. The Foreign Office calculation has been that if only British policy were tough, fear of internal revolt would bring the Egyptian ruling class to heel. The proposal to arm the people suggests that Farouk and his advisers think—as Dr. Mossadeq reckoned in Persia—that their best chance is to cash in on nationalism in the hope of forestalling social revolution. The prospect for British interests is bleak—either ignominious evacuation or a military commitment which may well be little less than a full-scale guerilla war and a long period of martial law.

South-West Africa in Paris

South Africa's "walk-out" from the General Assembly came after the Trusteeship Committee had boldly affronted Dr. Malan's imperialism in its proceedings. The Committee had heard Michael Scott on the subject of the tribes of South-West Africa, had castigated South Africa's hostile attitude, and had sponsored a number of useful resolutions. It had been, as usual in racial matters, a field-day for the smaller Powers, though one in which the ammunition was mostly blank. There is little or no chance that the tribal chiefs from South-West Africa will be allowed to come to Paris, but it is important to note that the British spokesman, Lord Tweedsmuir, stated that "the British Government would not prevent" Herero chiefs coming from Bechuanaland where several have been in exile.

Voting in the Committee has been unusually interesting. An eight-Power resolution, urged by Pakistan and others, declares any modification of South-West Africa's international status to be invalid, and calls on South Africa to resume negotiations with the United Nations. A somewhat stronger five-Power resolution (Cuba, Ecuador, Egypt, India, Philippines) reasserts the General Assembly's decision that South-West Africa should be placed under U.N. trusteeship. The Soviet Union voted for the second, but against the first on the grounds that it was ineffective and inadequate. Britain has supported South Africa throughout, and even without admitting shame or embarrassment. But the United States, though fully committed to the world policy and strategy which puts Britain and South Africa in the same unenviable boat, has chosen this opportunity to vote against South Africa. Does this mean that Washington is astutely appropriating from Britain in southern Africa the role of Great Power "protector" of the African peoples?

A Chance for Tshekhedi Khama

Just how muddled and ineffective was Mr. Gordon Walker's handling of the affairs of Tshekhedi Khama is brought home, with an emphasis which should be especially painful to the Labour Movement, by Lord Ismay's new proposals for a settlement. These proposals, though not yet official, appear to contemplate permission for Tshekhedi and his followers to return to the Bamangwato Reserve (from the neighbouring Bakwena Reserve), and steps towards the establishment of a Legislative Council for the whole of Bechuanaland.

As it is, the steps now contemplated by the new Secretary for Commonwealth Relations carefully avoid touching the root of the matter, which lies in the case of Seretse and not in that of Tshekhedi. There will be no regulation of this dispute that is satisfactory to the Africans and the cause of African progress until the ban is lifted from Seretse and Ruth Khama. That is not because the issue therein involved is one of mixed marriage—a matter in which the Bamangwato and other African peoples have no interest—but because the ban on Seretse and his wife is tantamount in the circumstances to a surrender to the racialist position in South Africa. Reports from Bechuanaland suggest that a majority of the Bamangwato fully understand this. Even so, the raising of the exile's ban on Tshekhedi is a notable gain. Though still debarred from political life with his own tribe, Tshekhedi is to be free to take part in the political life of the whole Territory. He will thus be in a position not only to press for a genuine Legislative Council, but also to strengthen African resistance to any incorporation of Bechuanaland and the other two High Commission Territories in the Union.

The First Cut at Education

Five per cent. on projected expenditure for the coming financial year may not appear to be a great deal for the Local Education Authorities to be asked to save. But so much of the cost is practically outside the authorities' control, and liable to rise automatically as the general level of prices goes up, that they will not find it easy to comply without doing serious damage to the services they have been gradually building up under the Butler Act. The danger is that in searching for small "economies" that are within their control they will strike mortal blows at some of the subsidiary services, such as adult education, school transport and equipment, and artistic and recreational activities. They may also, unless the Ministry stops them, do great harm to University education by cutting off awards needed to replace the now terminated Further Education and Training Scheme; but in this matter they have been warned to await a further circular from the Ministry before making final decisions. Miss Horsburgh's circular of last week does not give any clear hint to the authorities about what they are to cut, beyond urging them to reduce their expenditure on administration. It is, however, clearly only a first instalment of what the Government has in mind—indeed, it states explicitly that further economies are in contemplation. Whether these will include the much discussed curtailment of the period at school, at either end, is still unknown. Even if this is attempted on a voluntary basis only, the keenest opposition will be aroused among educationists. For one thing, it would dislocate over many years the plans of teacher training and school-building that have been in progress since 1945. Nor could it save much money in the near future, except by throwing out of work newly trained teachers.

No Victimisation

Nothing could well be more foolish than the victimisation on which a number of local Fire Service authorities have embarked. The Union, refusing to negotiate on the wages issue while its members are being fined and demoted, is considering retaliatory action. Presumably the authorities which are taking the line of punishing the men for their action argue that there should be no right to strike in a job such as the Fire Service, and that the F.B.U.'s action violated essential discipline. There is, however, in the Fire Service, no such statutory restriction on the rights of organisation and collective bargaining as exists in the case of the police; and we fail to see by what right the authorities can justify their action. It is, in any case, most foolish, and is liable to turn a wage dispute which ought to be capable of adjustment into a struggle over fundamental trade union rights.

Dollars, Arms and Bases

The pattern of Mr. Churchill's approach to Washington has begun to emerge. He has undoubtedly decided that it would not be tactically wise, even if it were politically possible, to ask Mr. Truman to scrape together a new direct loan or grant to tide Britain over the new balance of payments crisis. He knows that neither the President nor Congress would take kindly to such a proposition at the outset of an election year, and that such a demand might indeed hold up the provision of money by other means.

The first step is to sweeten both Congress and the Administration, and to this end it is expected in Washington that Britain will remit in full the first repayment of the 1946 U.S. loan. Mr. Churchill may thus hope to offset some of the adverse criticism evoked by his coolness towards the European Army and by his admission last week that the British arms programme will be closer to Mr. Bevan's prophecy than to the demands of General Eisenhower's planners. For Washington is greatly perturbed by the way in which the new British Government seems to be dragging its heels in the fashion of its predecessor. Already, Senator Green, who led the group of U.S. Senators to Strasbourg, has been emphasising the clause of the Mutual Security Act which provides that its funds shall go to countries who support the Act's purpose of promoting "the economic and political federation of Europe." The Americans are very disappointed with Mr. Churchill so far—his own speeches had led them to hope for more from him—and, but for the belief that the Prime Minister is deliberately preparing the way for some hard bargaining in January, U.S. comment would be much sharper.

This belief, in fact, has been strengthened by

Mr. Churchill's recent reference to the U.S. air bases in Britain. At the moment, more than 20,000 Americans are stationed on aerodromes which were originally "loaned" to the U.S. Air Force for "training" purposes, first for thirty days, then ninety, and now indefinitely, though no formal agreement for their use has ever been made. These numbers, moreover, are to be doubled in the months ahead. No payment is made for the use of these bases—Congress has actually legislated against the "lease" of foreign bases—and the cost of rehabilitating the sites was borne by Britain. The Americans are only responsible for upkeep, and for any additional facilities their units require to maintain their high technical and living standards.

Americans believe that Mr. Churchill has his eye on this act of generous British hospitality. He has doubtless noted that the French have just negotiated an ingenious agreement whereby Washington pays for what is now called "infrastructure"—the expenses of maintaining U.S. units within a foreign country—out of the U.S. domestic Defence accounts. Why not make U.S. bases in Britain a similar charge? For this would by-pass the problem of seeking special aid. If Mr. Churchill can persuade Washington to set aside, say, $300 millions by such means, and collect a similar amount of strictly "military" assistance from the coffers of the Mutual Security Administration, his dollar problem begins to look manageable—provided, at least, that this help is coupled with a reduction in dollar spending through import cuts, and with a decision to spread out the scheduled arms programme.

Mr. Churchill, however, is unlikely to get his American dollars without some further concessions. The American temper to-day is to demand much more rapid progress towards European political and military unity than has yet been achieved. And when the Premier arrives in January, he will be asked to prepare some specific British commitment in time for the N.A.T.O. meeting at Lisbon. Without this, no American politician involved in next November's election dare publicly support more aid, even for Churchill's Britain.

The End of Self-righteousness

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The awful unreality of the first weeks at the Palais de Chaillot has given way to a slightly better mood. Not that anything very serious has yet been achieved: there is no guarantee of eternal peace, there is no guarantee of anything. And yet, there is a growing feeling that somebody is trying to *do* something; there is a constant exchange of ideas which, in themselves, have a certain softening effect on the rigid unbending minds that first arrived here. Performances like the Yugoslav-Soviet slanging match of the second week of the 6th Assembly, when Mr. Djilas bored his listeners for seven hours on end while the Russians merely called the Titoites names and quoted from the Rajk trial, have gone out of fashion; and, in the Committees, some useful work of "clarification" is at least being done. Nobody manages, hard as he may try, to sound self-righteous, if only because nobody's record is perfect; and if there isn't much self-criticism, there is enough mutual criticism to make everybody look grey rather than black or white.

For who is perfect? If you think Britain perfect, go and hear what the Egyptians have to say about the "sixty times Britain promised to evacuate Egypt." Is France perfect? Listen to the Arab countries talk about Morocco. Or, if you want stronger meat, buy this week's *Observateur* and read Claude Bourdet's dispatch from Algeria. Embarrassing, too, for the British Empire to learn in the Fourth Committee how South Africa is being blasted on all sides for boycotting the discussions on South-West Africa, and to hear the moderately worded, but devastating, statement by Michael Scott who had come here to speak on behalf of the Hereros.

On bigger issues like Germany and Disarmament, there have been some important developments. As President Nervo, the Chairman of the Disarmament Sub-committee pointed out, the reports that the Big Four had agreed on the prohibition of atomic bombs were "ridiculous." They had done nothing of the sort. They had, indeed, agreed on very little, except one thing—the setting up of a Disarmament Commission. "When the Devil doesn't know what to do next he sets up a Committee—it's an old Danish proverb." So a Danish delegate in the lobbies assured me. I seem to have heard the same sort of thing in other languages. But for once that is not really the point. As a British delegate remarked, it was obvious throughout that Vyshinsky was determined not to return to Moscow completely empty-handed, and that he was anxious to see some kind of machinery set up to keep the ball of disarmament rolling.

This may sound paradoxical in the light of Mr. Frank Pace's statement two days ago that there was nothing more important in the world than to rearm the Germans, "expert in the art of munitions and gallant on the field of battle." One may doubt whether so hard a realist as Vyshinsky imagines that the straw at which he is clutching will grow into the great Tree of Peace; but it may, for all that, help to keep the world afloat for a time, all the more so as the Commission may serve two purposes—(a) by acting as a piece of machinery for starting new discussions, and (b) by maintaining the (not altogether worthless) illusion in people's minds that disarmament has not been finally abandoned.

These points were stressed on Tuesday, from the British side, by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who has won his international spurs more quickly than anyone I know at U.N. Like Eden, Lloyd refuses to accept the view that all is lost, that the armaments race must run its deadly course to the atomic end. The Sub-Committee's discussions, he said, "had done positive good." No doubt there was great disagreement still on most of the essential points, but these, he suggested, could be the subject of further debate on the Disarmament Commission, once this had been formed. There is little doubt that Mr. Lloyd was expressing the desire of the British Government to set up a piece of international machinery which even if it did not result in immediate or even early agreement on atomic bombs, control and the rest, would still be a piece of peace machinery of great psychological and, all being well, of great potential practical importance.

Unhappily, there is already much talk in the lobbies of the United States seriously thinking of refusing to give the Disarmament Commission anything like *carte blanche* and of insisting on its terms of reference being solely inspired by the Western resolution. More extreme American commentators in the lobbies were expressing the hope that Great Britain would not attempt any "honest broker stuff." At the moment of writing, the most widely felt hope is that Britain will convince the United States that it will not be in the interests of peace to wreck the proposed Disarmament Commission—just in order to make Mr. Vyshinsky's blood-pressure go up. As for Germany, it is not very clear at the moment what good will come out of the mutual recriminations by its Eastern and Western spokesmen—but scarcely a United Germany or General Elections. The Adenauer Government does not think the time ripe for the one, and the East Germans don't think it ripe for the other.

The Glasgow Disturbances

A Glasgow Correspondent writes: Feeling is running high all over Scotland about the decision of the Progressive (i.e., Tory) Town Council to put up for sale 600 Corporation-built houses. The houses were allocated to the city for letting as part of the normal house-building programme, but the Town Council has decided to sell them because of the city's extraordinary rating burden, which has greatly increased since the Tories won control of the Council two years ago. Having made their decision, the Council must now get formal permission from the Scottish Secretary to sell the houses. If Mr. Stuart is wise, he will refuse to authorise the sale; for the opposition to the move is widespread and is by no means confined to the industrial Communists of Clydeside. It is to the credit of the Labour members of the Corporation that they strenuously resisted the motion when it came up last week. While 4,000 workers demonstrated outside the Council chambers the Labour Group fought a last-ditch battle to prevent the motion being carried. A significant point about the demonstration, which recalled pre-war memories, is that most, if not all, of the Corporation building-site workers downed tools and joined the demonstrators. It is encouraging to watch the new-found activity of the lethargic City Labour Party in fighting this decision.

What does it all mean? In the first place the organisers of the campaign say that they hope to launch a national drive against the decision to sell rather than let houses. Since the Labour Group made its stand in the Council, they have had many letters of support from other parts of the country; and also requests to organise mass meetings, notably in Edinburgh. These requests are non-Communist. To understand the feelings which the Tories have provoked, it must be appreciated that Glasgow has the worst slums in Western Europe with more overcrowding than even post-war bomb-battered Hamburg. One hundred thousand houses were needed in 1945; they are still needed to-day. Those houses which have been built in the meantime have hardly kept pace with the increase in marriages and the physical collapse of condemned buildings. Now the action of the Council seems to have set off a spark. It may flicker out. It could quite as easily burst into flame. The feeling is unquestionably widespread and bitter; it is aggravated by the fact that, as everyone knows, there is no lack of houses for sale. Thousands of them are advertised weekly in the Glasgow and Scottish press. The strength of public sentiment which exists has an historical parallel with Red Clydeside of World War I, when the workers downed tools in protest against rising rents. Such was the feeling then that within three days the famous Rent Restriction Bill (the Act is still on the Statute Book) was introduced.

It is possible that the Scottish Office will on this occasion play for safety and withhold permission for the sales. This will certainly not be easy for them (the Tories have said so much about building houses for sale), but taking the long view it would be the wise and tactful thing to do. A legitimate case can be made out for the view that Glasgow's housing needs are exceptional. This was recognised during the war when it was the only local authority in Britain which was permitted to carry on a modest programme of house building. If permission is granted, the Glasgow Tories will at least find it very difficult to retain power at the municipal elections next May. At worst, they may have cause to remember that this was once Red Clydeside.

Amber Light in Malaya

MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON'S statement as he left Singapore has undoubtedly reflected a quick grasp of the military aspects of the "emergency" in Malaya. But it is equally clear that his first unguarded remarks that "the political situation would have to wait" expressed his instinctive attitude. Yet one military plan after another has failed to defeat a jungle war fought by 4,000 disciplined, well-trained men with a clear political motive, assisted by at least 10,000 civilians ready to give them every assistance in food and information, and by a still wider section of the people, probably ten times as many, who believe that they have more in common with the guerillas than they have with the rubber planters. For this reason an increasing number of Malays have co-operated with the Chinese Communists in a campaign ably led by men, such as Chen Ping, who were trained in Force 136 and subsequently decorated by the British Government at the end of the war. But while the direction of military activities has been in Communist hands, the masses of people who either support the guerillas, or do not actively resist them, are men and women—Chinese, Malays and Indians—who have been swept into the stream of Asian nationalism. Mr. Lyttelton's plan to form a Chinese Home Guard will probably be welcomed as a realistic alternative to police who were often inefficient and sometimes corrupt. But here again important political issues are involved: the question of citizenship is still not settled, and the proposal to make nine separate Malay State nationalities, with their peoples subject to local Sultans, is not one which encourages the Chinese in the belief that they have any settled status in the country.

The Secretary of State was shrewd enough to sense the need for political propaganda: political advancement, economic development and social services were all to be rungs in the ladder leading to a united Malayan nation ultimately enjoying the responsibilities and advantages of self-government. But, for the moment, his policy is in effect the stepping up of military measures. This is no answer to the growing demands of Malayan nationalism. While Mr. Lyttelton toured villages in a closed armoured car—a tour described to *The Times* correspondent as "rather like that of a Nazi leader travelling through occupied Europe"—Mr. Churchill was refusing to give Mr. Attlee and Mr. Griffiths any specific statement on British intentions in Malaya. This naturally made the same kind of impression in Malaya as that made in India by the British Government when it refused again and again to give any date for its promised withdrawal. Mr. Dato Onn bin Ja'Afar, Chairman of the Indepence for Malaya Party and member for Home Affairs, at once asked Mr. Churchill to give a clear, unequivocal statement of British intentions in Malaya and added that if the "relationship of the British Government is not sincere and not honest as conceived in the Federation agreement, I can see a future in which Malaya will sever its relationship with the British."

This is the amber light in Malaya. Mr. Lyttelton sees it through the eyes of the rubber planters and Cold War strategists. What really matters is how it appears to the peoples of Malaya, and, for that matter, to Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. When the light turned amber in India, the Government realised that this was a matter of political demands, not of carbines (British or American), and sent out, first of all, Sir Stafford Cripps and then Lord Mountbatten, both of them men who understood and sympathised with the just demands of Indian nationalism. Granted the complexities of a plural society in Malaya, the Labour Government failed because it refused to apply quickly enough the lessons of its successful policy in India. Events in Malaya will force the lesson on Mr. Lyttelton and his Government, and no military measures can provide a substitute for the political requirements of Malayan nationalism.

The Case Against Rearming Germany

THE CASE *for* the rearming of Western Germany is clear enough. It is that, without this, there is no prospect at all of carrying out the military plans which demand the creation in Europe of a land army capable of rendering the whole territory of Western Europe proof against the potential forces of the Soviet Union and its allies. Such plans, it is clear, involve the building up of an array of armed force which, reinforced by the Americans, would be overwhelming; so that, even in defence, the Soviet Union would not be able to stand against it. For the intention is to make Western Europe strong enough by itself, without reliance on American troops, to resist a Russian attack, and at the same time to build up in the United States an immense air force, fully armed with atomic weapons, and to provide vast bases for its operation, both all over the West and at every point in the rest of the world from which it could effectively launch itself on the Russians and their allies. The European part of these plans is evidently impracticable without German participation; for even if the Americans were prepared to supply all the arms, the other countries of Western Europe would be both unable and unwilling to supply the men, unless the Americans were ready in addition to take over a large part of the provision of goods for consumption by their civilian populations.

The plans drawn up by the American leaders are, then, evidently impracticable without the recruitment of a very large number of Germans. And it is out of the question to recruit these unless provision is made for the defence of Germany itself and unless the West Germans are brought in, not as mercenaries, but as partners in the Western alliance. This means two things—first, that a large army, of some sort, must be actually stationed in Germany; and secondly, that the Germans must feel the army there stationed to be, in some real sense, *their* army, and not some other nation's. It could be, conceivably, an international army, in which Germans, as much as anyone else, were entitled to positions of high command: it could not be, for any length of time, an army in which Germans were admitted only to subordinate positions. Moreover, it would have in practice to consist largely of Germans. There would be very strong popular opposition to the stationing of large German forces in countries which experienced German occupation during the last war—above all, in France; and there would also be much reluctance on the part of units from the other Western countries to serving in Germany, and much hostility among the Germans if their country continued to be "occupied" mainly by foreign troops. It is recognised to be impracticable, not only for reasons of language, to make up the proposed European army with units recruited indiscriminately from all the countries concerned. The basic units are bound to be national; and most of the German units are bound to be stationed in Germany.

Even if some other units are interspersed among them, this means that in practice there will soon be again an essentially German army, under German leadership. To this army will be recruited, at all levels, a high proportion of Germans who are sorry only that the Nazis lost the war, and determined to make the new army an instrument of German recovery and revenge. These elements, which are likely to become dominant despite any checks the Americans or others may seek to impose, will not feel as Europeans, but as Germans smarting under the humiliation of defeat. Doubtless they will disagree about the best means of re-establishing the hegemony which they believe to be Germany's right. Some of them will think most of regaining the lost provinces of the East by doing what they can to provoke the war with the Soviet Union they are supposed to be there to prevent: others will dream of the irresistible war-might of a German-Soviet alliance—and some will dream both dreams at once. Whichever line they take, they will be a menace to the hopes of peace; for what—that they are capable of understanding—will peace have to offer them? If they become firm allies of the West, it will be only in the hope and purpose of drawing the West into a war for the restoration of German unity—unity extending far beyond the Oder-Neisse line.

That is the political side of the matter. What of the economic aspect? Western Europe is already feeling, with a lengthening shadow of uncontrolled inflationary crisis, the burden of rearmament. But at present, save to an almost negligible extent, Europe is not rearming. Progress is so far behind project, in respect both of men and of material, as to make nonsense of the anticipations and promises of a year ago. France, certainly no less than Great Britain, is facing an economic crisis, not because resources have been already diverted to rearmament, but despite the fact that they have not. Even here, British rearmament has so far been only a factor of secondary importance. The principal cause of the profound economic disturbances besetting the Western world is the sharp rise in import prices,

coupled with the increasing difficulty of selling enough exports to foot the bill. The rising import prices are in part the delayed consequences of devaluation. The difficulty over exports is due in part to the re-entry of both German and Japanese competition into a half-world cut off from national markets in the other half as a result of the cold war. Both factors are aggravated by the uncertainties of the impact of America, where lies the great buying power. It is a power so exercised as to cause very great price fluctuations and to render adequate supplies of a number of scarce materials unobtainable at prices which less wealthy countries can afford to pay. Finally, there are the consequences of the switch of dollar aid from economic to strictly military uses. This involves a vast re-allocation of European productive resources, accompanied by endless complications, political as well as economic.

All this, it may be said, has little or nothing to do with the rearmament of Germany. But really it has a good deal. If German rearmament were ruled out, the entire plan of establishing in Western Europe an overwhelming centre of power against the East would necessarily be ruled out too, and more modest projects would come into their own. It would be clearly seen that British, French, Belgian and German industries could not prosper together, or earn the necessary imports, without a re-opening of the markets of the closed half of the world. It would be realised that a policy of "containment" involves, not the building up of an overwhelming superiority of total military force, but just enough to make the gamble of war not worth while—certainly not so much as to drive the adversary to a despairing attack before the last hope disappears. In effect, the appropriate line of policy would be seen to be real containment, and not a mounting threat of utter destruction.

The proposal to re-arm the Germans is not even plausible, from Europe's angle, save on the assumption that the aim is either war, or bloodless victory leading to surrender, backed by unquestionably superior force. It makes any sort of sense only if this is assumed; and even so it does not make good sense. The Americans' advocacy of it can be understood, for they are trying to devise means of dominating Western Europe in the anti-Communist cause without having to occupy it with American ground troops. But good Europeans cannot help asking themselves what is to happen when the Americans, except for their air bases, have gone away. For it will then be a matter of containing not only the Russians and their satellites, but the Germans too—armed Germans, for the time being in opposite camps, ranged along a land-frontier which no one accepts as lasting. This containing will have to be done mainly by two countries—Britain and France—which have quite enough on their plates without it, and which will be kept by it in a condition of permanent economic weakness and dislocation. To say nothing of French troubles in Indo-China, or of British troubles in Malaya and the Middle East, it will have to be done by a France in which almost the entire working class is hostile and is at one, on this particular matter, with the followers of General de Gaulle. It will have to be done by a Britain in which the workers, even if they have accepted rearmament at the behest of their own leaders, certainly do not like it and are deeply mistrustful of putting arms back into German hands.

Some will say that, even if all this is true, it is too late to do anything about it. Nothing could be more mistaken. Now, when the grandiose plans in which Western Europe was forced to acquiesce for the sake of continued American aid are already collapsing and being shown up as impracticable both politically and economically—now is the time for vigorous and unremitting protest.

Germany, rearmed, will become inevitably a force making for war. Germany, unarmed but restored in other respects to national independence, will be no less certainly a force on the side of peace. For the Germans, if they are not to make or take to arms, must find outlets for an expansion of peaceful industry, such as they cannot hope to find except by resuming their old trade of exchanging with Eastern Europe. West European union, *with* the Iron Curtain still in being, means at best the prospect of ruinous competition among the participants: given a resumption of East-West trade, it becomes practicable with markets wide enough to give room for all. But the rearmament of Western Germany means a continuance of the mutual blockade: it lastingly bars the way to economic recovery. Thus, on every count, it ought to be opposed to the last ditch by every good European and by everyone who really wishes to preserve the peace, and sees that peace must rest on agreement, and not on an attempt to dictate it by the threat of war.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

THE bouquets which Mr. Churchill dispensed to Opposition leaders during the Defence debate were received with varying degrees of pleasure and embarrassment; but few seem to have observed the only whiff of disagreement which marred the atmosphere of good will, an altercation between the Prime Minister and Mr. Attlee about the American bomber bases in Britain. Mr. Churchill, as he has done on previous occasions, stressed the appalling risks to which we have subjected ourselves by permitting these islands to become an atomic aircraft carrier. Mr Attlee jumped up to remark tartly that, although we had agreed to the stationing of American bombers in this country, "it was never put forward specifically as a base for using the atomic bomb against Russia. *We never suggested it.*" To this Mr. Churchill replied rather grimly "that is the impression which, however mistakenly, *they* seem to have derived." Mr. Churchill's meaning is fairly clear. The Americans *assumed* permission. During the Berlin airlift, they required a staging base for the aircraft they were hurriedly flying to Germany. Out of this purely temporary arrangement, there grew by almost imperceptible degrees the American aerodromes in East Anglia and the Cotswolds, constructed for the express purpose of atomising Moscow in the even of the Red Army's advancing into Western Europe.

If, as is suggested, the Government's plan for solving our financial problems is to ask Washington to pay through the nose for fitting out more bases, we have reached a pretty pass. We must persuade the Americans to take over as much as possible of the British countryside in order to step up a new and macabre form of invisible exports.

* * *

Nothing is more infuriating for respectable politicians—who have relied on all the respectable economic experts in carrying out a certain course of action—than to see the wild men proved right after all. When Mr. Gaitskell, for instance, in his Budget speech assured us that he had arranged things this year so that our exports should nicely cover our imports, he was congratulated on his foresight and economic expertise by everyone who really matters. A few days later, Mr. Bevan foretold economic disaster and baldly stated that "the £4,700m. rearmament programme is already dead," and his predictions were dismissed as the ravings of frustrated ambition. Is it just an accident, as Mr. Churchill suggested last Thursday, that Mr. Gaitskell has been proved so fantastically wrong and Mr. Bevan so uncannily right?

It all depends what you mean by an "accident." I can remember a good many occasions on which the economic experts have got it wrong and the amateurs right. In 1931, for instance. I received a wonderful letter from a leading economist denouncing me for suggesting that we should "go off gold." He prophesied utter and final disaster. Yet when the "disaster" happened, and we abandoned the gold standard, it proved the first step towards recovery. Much more recently, in the convertibility crisis of 1947, the same thing happened. Only the "wild men of the Left" foretold disaster, yet within eight weeks the reassuring predictions of the Treasury experts had been shown to be moonshine. The trouble, of course, is that orthodox economics is an abstract science. Its predictions are correct only if non-economic factors can be disregarded. In 1931, in 1947, and again this year, the pundits have been proved ludicrously wrong, because the factors they disregarded, and which others could clearly see, happened to be decisive. In my experience they often are; and the accident of Mr. Bevan's successful prediction merely proves the rule that a training in economic theory may very easily blind you to what is obvious to a layman.

* * *

When I went to an American University soon after the First World War to spend a year as a young graduate, full of certainties and excitements, I noted as my first comment on the difference between America and Britain that Americans had not yet begun to laugh at themselves. The Eastern seaboard had a wonderfully solemn respect for British culture at that time; no one even seemed to think it funny that a famous university should erect a new medieval building in imitation of one at Cambridge, even to the point of artificially breaking the windows and mending them with lead! In the West and Middle West, the current humour was still of the "exaggeration" type and it had lost that easy sprawl that made

an anthology of nineteenth century American Humour one of my favourite books when I was a boy. I remember, too, H. W. Nevinson's warning that irony, dangerous in England, was simply out of range of American appreciation. In short, I first knew America just before Ross started the *New Yorker*. Like *Time*, which was born in the same period, the *New Yorker* had a new idea and had money behind it; its shattering cartoonists, shaggy-dog jokes and superbly undecorative prose made the established papers look like tired hang-overs. Ross cared passionately about originality and style, and he invented "the roving correspondent" who was given the space for a full and all-round account in which the only comment was the ironic absence of the expected commonplaces. Alistair Cooke, who writes in the *Manchester Guardian* with something of the concentrated elegance of C. E. Montague, hits the right comment when he says that the *New Yorker* "now enters its dangerous age." It is prosperous and established, and all the young journalistic lions of America write in "pallid imitation of *New Yorker* style." Obviously its circulation and its prosperity are not in danger, but, with Ross's death, its character may be. The future of the *New Yorker* will be the measure of the success with which what we have most admired in the U.S. is surviving the stresses of the American century.

* * *

There is always an element of the romantic in surveying the career of a public man who has lived to a great age. Christopher Addison's first public success was in medicine, when he became Hunterian professor in the Royal College of Surgeons as far back as 1901. His second success was to lose a battle-royal with Lloyd-George. He failed to carry through his housing policy; but, in essentials, it was afterwards accepted by all future governments. The climax of his career came nearly half a century later, when, after the General Election of 1945, he became Leader of the House of Lords in his 77th year. The ease with which the Lords swallowed some of the most controversial legislation of this century was to a large extent due to Addison's determination, logic and good temper in filling that difficult role. He was, indeed, from 1945 until his health finally broke down this summer, one of Mr. Attlee's closest advisers and friends—next perhaps after Ernest Bevin—and in a sense he was the principal "backroom boy" of the post-war Government. His youth continued as he grew old and, characteristically, he developed in his late 70's an enthusiastic interest in aviation, over which he was the controlling influence in Mr. Attlee's administration. He never became stuffy or pompous; his views became if anything more radical as the years passed, his simplicity of life more striking. His only indulgence was cigarette smoking. I have memories of him on many occasions chain-smoking, in disregard, no doubt, of the advice he would have given his patients, and pulling cigarettes, one after the other, loose and grubby from his pocket or—on very dressy occasions—from a battered old tin. He was a lovable as well as an important figure.

* * *

There are two ways of dealing with Conservative disappointment that the arrival of a Churchill Government has not at once increased rations, lowered prices and ended controls. The first and natural way is to recommence the old habitual grouse. The other is to give away the propaganda nature of the old grouse against Labour by leaving off grousing now that it would damage the Tories. A housewife, whom I know well, gave me a nice example of the second technique. Every year the Village Institute of which she is a member has passed an angry resolution calling upon the Institute movement to press the Government for a bigger sugar ration. This year the resolution was automatically passed as usual, but the Chairwoman then said: "Well, we know that nothing happens as a result of sending up this resolution, so I propose this year that we don't forward it!"

CRITIC

MR. LITTLE-BY-LYTTELTON

"Mr. Lyttelton . . . continues methodically to study the situation in Malaya and refuses to be hurried into hasty decisions."—*Daily Telegraph*, December 5.

"Little by little," Lyttelton said,
When he met brass hats at Kuala Lumpur.
"All must join in the tasks ahead.
Let Malayans put first things first
And Malaya will soon be over the worst;
Law and order we must secure.
Little by little," said Lyttelton.

"First things first," the planters cried,
"Priority arms and extra troops.
Let jungle war be intensified.
Britain must throw her whole weight in
For law and order, and rubber and tin—
So waste no time with political groups."
"Little by little," said Lyttelton.

"First things first," said the mild Malays,
"Commonwealth rank for the Federal States.
This is the parting of the ways.
The sahibs of Singapore keep us down,
But we're no Colony of the Crown—
For independence Malaya waits."
"Little by little," said Lyttelton.

"First things first," said Malaya's Chinese,
"Citizenship for the Chinese race.
We're no rabble of refugees,
But strict neutrality we maintain
In Britain's rubber and tin campaign
While daily suffering loss of face."
"Little by little," said Lyttelton.

"First things first," said the Nationalists,
"Full self-rule is priority one. .
Exploitation Malaya resists.
It's not for the sahibs Malaya fights,
But Dominion status and sovereign rights;
Only Malayans Malaya can run."
"Little by little," said Lyttelton.

"First things first," said Singapore sahibs,
"We have heard of old the Asians' grouse;
We knew the natives before the war
And they're hand in glove with terrorist bands,
You must keep control in British hands,
For the sahibs all stand behind
Government House."
"Little by little," said Lyttelton.

"First things first, and slow but sure;
Law and order we must restore,"
Said little-by-Lyttelton on his tour.
"Priorities must not be reversed."
But Malaya's first is Lyttelton's last,
And Lyttelton's last is Malaya's first—
They want reforms and they want them fast
Despite brass hats in Kuala Lumpur
And the sahibs (and memsahibs) of Singapore.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Foreign Office officials, mistaken for "peace" demonstrators, were chased by police in Downing Street yesterday.—*Newcastle Journal*. (Colin Watson.)

I have a friend who firmly believes that the Virgin appeared to him and called out in a loud voice, "Up with the Reds."—Letter in *Bury Evening Chronicle*. (M. Thompstone.)

Among the town's new proposed by-laws is one that imposes a fine of up to £2 on any trolley-bus passenger who "throws money to be scrambled for by any person on the road or footway."
An official said: "There is no particular reason for the by-law. It is just a safety precaution."—*Daily Mirror*. (P. Barefoot.)

Protection against the atomic weapon and all that accompanies it, is really incredibly simple. . . .
—Letter in *Southern Daily Echo*. (Mrs. M. Lush.)

Outlook from Strasbourg

II. CLERICAL UNION

THE uniting of continental Western Europe has been by implication a major objective of Western policy since Mr. Churchill's Fulton speech. Once the decision is taken to accept the permanence of the Iron Curtain and build up a gigantic military alliance to contain, bargain with and, in the last resort, wage war on the Soviet Bloc, the close integration of those countries west of the Elbe, which British policy has traditionally sought to divide, becomes imperative. Apart from military and economic arguments which are obvious, there is another object, not so inconsistent as it might seem, which has never been far from Mr. Churchill's mind; it is the achievement by the West European bloc of sufficient status to enable it to hold its own in dealing with Washington. Indeed, Mr. Churchill's original recklessness in using words which persuaded many people in both Europe and America that Britain would take part in a European Union may be explained by his desire to place the United Kingdom clearly in the position of leading this influential group. British Conservatives have, however, been retreating steadily for some time from their earlier position, until last week Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe told the Assembly of the Council of Europe that Britain could not contemplate the federal conception of her relations with the Continent. He indicated extreme caution in his approach even to *ad hoc* functional agencies.

This important statement shows no change from the position of the Labour Government. It is based on the constitutional argument that Britain cannot at the same time remain the leader of the Commonwealth and abrogate sovereignty, even over a limited field, to a continental federation; on the strategic and commercial argument that she must base her position in the world on sea-power, with the result that there is a fundamental and permanent gulf between the needs of Britain and the Continent. To these Labour adds (and Conservatives do not, as far as I know, specifically repudiate) the proposition that a full-employment Welfare State cannot merge its identity in a group whose principal common factor is its inability and unwillingness to plan its economy or even begin the liberation of its working class. In any political amalgamation there is always the doubt whether in the long run a party or a country will gain more of its objec-

tives by taking the plunge and influencing a new group from within or by standing on its full rights and remaining outside. In this case the distinctions between British interests and obligations and those of the continental Powers seem to be sufficiently valid, real and permanent to rule out the acceptance of the federal approach to unity. In spite of irresponsible Conservative hints and suggestions during the term of the Labour Government, it must be accepted that the decision not to federate is definite.

What, then, is likely to be its consequence in the rest of Western Europe? Obviously the federal solution is not the only one. Even if Britain's peculiar position did not dictate her choice of the functional approach, there is much to be said for it on general grounds. But federalism owes its special significance at the moment not so much to the abstract arguments of professional federalists as to the widespread belief, particularly in France, that it would take care of the problem of a resurgent Germany, by ensuring that West Germany achieved equality of status with her neighbours but only at the level of something less than full sovereignty. The British refusal to renounce sovereignty, even by gradual stages, within a constitutional federation, largely invalidates this reasoning. The functional approach, *ad hoc* coalition between fully sovereign States, which looks so sensible and practical through British eyes, means to the French full German sovereignty—and danger: any federation which included Germany but excluded Britain would soon be German-dominated.

In the face of this dilemma it is possible to detect in the Consultative Assembly two main streams of thought, apart from that of the Scandinavians, who generally accept the full substance of the British argument. There are those delegates who, with good or bad grace, express the view that in the light of the British decision nothing much can be done towards any kind of federal solution; others, varying in manner from genuine regret to something approaching glee, advocate establishing a political authority, at least in the field of Defence, among those countries prepared to take the risk. It is accepted that this would mean, in the first place, an army controlled by a supra-national authority on Schuman Plan lines, composed of France, Italy, Western Germany and perhaps Luxembourg. In the jargon of Strasbourg this is known as the "Little Federation." The Scandinavians would certainly not enter such a scheme, and there is not much likelihood of Belgium or Holland doing so.

Most of the Socialists here tend to take the *non possumus* view, and so do some of the Gaullists. But not all. The interpretation generally placed on de Gaulle's recent Nancy speech, that he was rejecting the whole idea of a European army, is not fully accepted by all his supporters. Indeed, some of those very close to the General are prepared to say in private that the R.P.F. would probably give support in the National Assembly to a Little Federation army, provided there was a real political authority to control it; and when it is suggested that, in return for such services rendered, the R.P.F. might figure in the French Cabinet, they do not appear unduly dismayed. The French Socialists are, as usual, in a fine state of indecision. On the one hand, they are solidly opposed to any revival of German strength except under supra-national control; on the other, they are deeply suspicious of a control vested in the hands of the Catholic Right. For this is what the Little Federation would mean, and it is, in the main, from the clerical parties that it is getting its support. How the Socialists will resolve their difficulty is anybody's guess; but it would not be surprising if their fear of Germany proved greater than their mistrust of the Vatican.

It was notable that fewer tears appeared to be shed over British "isolation" among the German delegates than among the French. As with the French, the Catholic Right appear ready to give favourable consideration to Little Federation. It seems scarcely conceivable that Dr. Schumacher's consideration will be equally favourable; and it is worth noting that Professor Carlo Schmidt, who by no means closes the door on such an arrangement, is something of a lone wolf among Social Democrats, with his federalist leanings and his public expressions of Francophilia. The principal stumbling block to the realisation of this "clerical union" may prove to be France's imperial commitments. It is difficult to see how the French could agree to give up national control of their overseas army, especially if Britain is prepared to give up nothing. Yet the essence of the federal idea, Little or Big, is that Germany should have full equality of status. In fact, Germany is in a very strong bargaining position if Dr. Adenauer is secure enough internally to play his hand. In return for accepting the principle of Little Federation, he can, with some plausibility, object to the exclusion from it of a portion of French military strength. In the event that some method could be found of meeting him on this, the federation would come into being, and the Germans could count on dominating it within a couple of years. If, on the other hand, the French were unable to find a formula to meet the German claim of equality, Dr. Adenauer could approach Washington, secure in his virtue as the only "good European," with a reasonable hope of special favours. Whether Dr. Schumacher will allow his rival to play this very daring hand remains to be seen. But there is little doubt that Dr. Adenauer would receive strong American help, and he looks like making the attempt.

The U.S., indeed, appears to attach the greatest importance to the establishment of any political authority which would ensure the rest of Europe's acquiescence in German rearmament. The alternative, in Washington's view, is an independent German army with a direct treaty between Washington and Bonn; and General Eisenhower, at any rate, has warned the Administration of the political dangers of that. To get Little Federation, the U.S. will have to use all its resources in bribes, threats and guarantees, to reassure the various doubts in France and Germany. But it could probably be done with skill, luck and Vatican support. The last of these is certain.

On balance, then, it looks, from the esoteric vantage point of Strasbourg, as if continuance of British refusal to make any concessions to European federalism may lead to the Little European army, controlled by a supra-national political authority which may amount to the Little Federation. The army would presumably form one element in the N.A.T.O. coalition. The French would feel that, with the aid of the Vatican, they had mitigated some of the evil effects of German rearmament. Dr. Adenauer would reckon that he had frustrated both the uniting and the neutralisation of Germany with a stroke of policy which placed Bonn effectively at the head of continental Europe. Generals Eisenhower and Bradley would be content with the German army they had been seeking. Is Britain content to acquiesce? The prospect of a Europe permanently divided, and largely under Vatican control, is disagreeable in the extreme. The dangers of a militarily powerful Germany would remain very great. The alternative, however, would be sooner or later a direct alliance between the U.S. and an independent West German State. For Socialists this is a nightmare dilemma; and it arises largely from six years of Labour isolationism in Britain. There is no escape from it now unless the Western Powers abandon the idea of German rearmament or unless the British Government changes its attitude to the European army. The former must be considered a rather forlorn hope—especially with a Conservative Government at Westminster. Is the latter equally so? There is a world of difference between a federation of Britain with Western Europe and an accommodation under which the U.K. accepted a sufficient commitment inside the European Defence Community to give a revised model of the Pleven Plan some chance of success. Confronted with the choice between clerical union, an independent rearmed Germany or a concession to the European army, Mr. Churchill may decide to think again.

Strasbourg, December 6. JOHN FREEMAN

The Moral of Creswell

LEANING his elbow on the bar, the elegantly dressed Man of Substance in the Nottingham pub announced loudly, "We've created a privileged class"; and paused to let the words take effect. His audience was apathetic; it had evidently heard this one before. Sipping his whisky, he continued: "Yes, a privileged class—the coal miners I mean."

The Creswell Inquiry had closed the day before; local papers had reported the story with banner headlines. Eighty men had died at Creswell, overtaken and suffocated by the fumes of the burning rubber conveyor-belt blazing in the sole fresh-air roadway. They had fallen, one by one, trying to escape "up the chimney," along the only escape route open to them, by the "return" airway—the tunnel where the used air of a pit is sucked away up the shaft. They never had a chance, the "excellent" ventilation of a modern coal mine saw to that; for the foul air was blowing at near gale force, and inexorably overtook and killed them.

It was difficult not to interrupt the Man of Substance and ask why there was a labour shortage in the pits, if the miners were so signally "privileged." And why the Men of Substance or their sons were not jostling in a queue for colliery jobs. It was tempting to quote aloud the words recently spoken by Sir Andrew Bryan, the Commissioner at Creswell:

> The miner's environment is the hardest in the industrial world; for, excluding the fatal and serious injuries that overtake one miner out of every three hundred every year, the average miner spends eight days a year away recovering from some pit injury. The average inhabitant of these islands spends almost exactly eight working days a year either in being ill or in convalescing; this takes into account all incapacity from whatever causes, colds, fevers, dog-bites, sunstroke, car smashes and assault. This is precisely the time the average miner—because he is a miner—has to spend recovering from accident in the pit, alone. *He starts his account with misfortune at precisely the point where the rest of the public finish.* The figures for 1950 show that the equivalent of 23,000 of our miners are permanently away from work recovering from accidents in the pit.

There is still too much blood on the coal; and the Inquiry into the Creswell disaster, following those at Knockshinnoch and Easington, has emphasised disquietingly the new hazards that have come about as a result of "progress." For the statistics show that it is in the larger and most heavily mechanised mines that the majority of accidents take place. In 1950, the accident rate in pits employing fewer than fifty men was 63 for every 100,000 shifts worked; but in pits employing over 3,000 there were 168 accidents recorded per 100,000 shifts.

Intent upon pouring machinery into the pits in order to beat the coal crisis, mining engineers in too many cases have turned a deaf ear to the repeated warnings of a small group of foresighted experts. For instance, both the Institute of Mining Engineers and the Safety in Mines Research Establishment published papers drawing attention to the dangers of fire on long conveyor-belt systems, and the Mines Inspectorate pleaded, year after year, for improved patrolling and ampler fire-fighting equipment. The N.C.B. has more than doubled the quantity of inflammable cotton- and rubber-backed conveyor belts in the pits since Vesting Day—at a cost of approximately £30 million—until to-day there are nearly 4,000 miles of conveyors in operation. But more than 70 conveyor-belt fires were to take place, no fewer than 106 men were to be killed or injured through "contact with a conveyor" between 1940 and 1948, and Creswell was to mourn its 80 dead, before anything was done to make these 4,000 potentially deadly miles less dangerous.

Creswell was a model colliery—and a happy pit. Since the disaster, the men have demonstrated in the most effective way possible their loyalty to their popular Scottish manager—by *increasing output*, in spite of working without one of the most productive sections of the colliery, and without their lost comrades to help them. It was a tragic paradox that the "perfection" of Creswell was one of the reasons why it claimed so many victims. The pit was lavishly equipped with the latest devices for efficient coal-getting, and for speedy underground transport of both men and coal. At the Inquiry the disquieting revelation was made that Creswell's fire-fighting equipment was considerably superior to that available in most collieries. How, then, was it possible that catastrophe befell with such appalling violence and speed, where conditions were—superficially, at least,—so good? Let each contributory factor in the chain of events that led to the Creswell disaster be briefly summarised.

(1) A tear was reported in the long conveyor-belt the day before the fire. Maintenance men came to repair it, were called away, and the belt continued to run in order that coal should not be lost. The outbreak was caused by a narrow strip of belting, more than 100 yards in length, which was torn away and, blocking up a chute, started to burn. In future it should be made a statutory offence to use a damaged belt.

(2) William Hird, conveyor-belt attendant, did not himself discover the fire and made no material contribution to attempts to put it out. He was a "compo" case—a miner drawing compensation for partial disablement. It is clear that able-bodied men, fully trained as fire-fighters, should be employed at all transfer points on long conveyors, and that regular patrolling should be obligatory, possibly together with clocking devices to prove inspection has taken place. *Regular patrolling is now carried out at Creswell.*

(3) Research carried out since the disaster has disclosed the speed with which fire can break out on cotton-backed rubber belting: from friction to smouldering can take only 4½ minutes, from smouldering to roaring flames another 4½ minutes. The rate of air velocity would also have affected the speed and violence of ignition: the more rapid the air current along the conveyor roadway, the more vigorous the conflagration.

Short-term remedies are thermostatic water-spraying at all critical points, and automatic switch-off devices to stop all conveyors in a pit when heating occurs. Also, fitting of fire-proof belting on all conveyors is desirable as soon as possible. Until the disaster this was considered an extravagant and impracticable luxury. *Fire-proof belting is now being installed at Creswell.*

The long-term remedy is the evolution of some new and less dangerously dusty method of underground transport of coal. To replace conveyors, experiments are in progress with "hydraulic" transport—swilling coal along pipes by means of water under pressure. One day we may see coal itself cut, as well as moved, by powerful water jets at the coal face. Meanwhile, *automatic switch-offs have now been installed at Creswell.*

(4) When the fire broke out, the under-manager concentrated first upon fighting it. Messages instructing the men to "abandon ship" were late in being given, and confusing and contradictory in content. The telephone was situated at the base of the return shaft and the operator was repeatedly overcome by fumes. *It has now been moved to the intake, where fresh air streams into the pit.* In future, Klaxon signalling apparatus to sound an alarm should be installed wherever there is a phone, and phones should be sufficiently plentiful for a warning to reach every man in the pit. *Such a system is now being installed at Creswell.*

(5) Owing to an unnoticed defect in the surface pump, water was not available to quench the flames. The remedy is to have regular and rigorous inspection of pumps and sprays, to make conveyor belts stop automatically should the level of water in storage tanks drop below a certain point. *Such precautions are now being taken at Creswell.*

(6) The men at the coal face heard a fire had broken out, but, over-confident in the safety of their pit, delayed in making their way to the man-riding train, the "paddy mail"—their normal means of transport to the pit bottom. Had they been equipped with self-rescue respirators they might have been able to pass through the poisonous fumes unscathed. *Such a respirator is now being tested out; it has been employed in the U.S. for some years.*

(7) Last, and most important of all, there was only one fresh-air intake at Creswell. For nearly half a century a few mining engineers—notably, in recent years, the Chief Inspector of Mines—have been advocating that a second main roadway in the incoming fresh-air system should be compulsory at every colliery. Since Creswell, the N.C.B. have issued directives to this end. *On January 1, 1952, any newly opened seam, or further development of a seam, must, by statutory order, have a second main intake.* If a fire breaks on one intake roadway, the men will be able to walk along the other, with the fresh air of freedom filling their lungs. Furthermore, it was proved in Court here that, where there are two intakes, it will be possible to mute down the rate of air passing along the conveyor roadway, thereby lessening the fire hazard.

Thus mining wisdom continues to be learnt "after the event." There have been three big colliery disasters within ten months—with a total of 180 dead, and the "miraculous" rescue of another 100—each in a well-found, modern mine. The writing is clear on the wall. In every case all the electrical equipment has been in first-class condition; but there have been faults and imperfections in the realms of mechanical and mining engineering. Under the Coal Mines Act each piece of electrical equipment used underground must be passed by the Ministry. The industry has a good record and high standards in the electrical field. I suggest that a committee should be appointed forthwith to study the question whether *all* machinery used in coal mining should not be inspected and graded in a similar manner. Mechanisation is proceeding rapidly; but is it proceeding safely? Are all the coal cutters and pneumatic stowage systems designed to produce healthy and safe working conditions, or are some of them calculated to serve production first and safety second?

If the drift away from the mines is to be arrested, safe mining will have to take priority over all other considerations; for, in the long run, a safe pit is a happy and productive pit. We cannot afford to lose a single man through disasters that need never have happened. And Easington, Knockshinnoch and Creswell need never have happened, had the N.C.B. seen fit to devote the same amount of care to safety as it has lavished upon the short-term needs of coal production. Ingenuity in devising new mining machinery has out-run the training and skill of the men, at every level, called on to operate it. Unless we raise the standard and numbers of our mining and mechanical engineers we shall be perpetually short of miners—and short of coal.

Creswell, December. HELEN GOSSE

The Crimesters

THE attitude of many Americans to crime, graft and corruption recalls Mark Twain's comment on the weather. "Everybody," he said, "grumbles about it, but nobody does anything about it." It was only after the sensational Senate investigation earlier this year that the voters turned out, for instance, the notoriously rotten city government in Philadelphia and made Rudolph Halley, who had been the "prosecutor" of the Senate inquiry, President of New York's City Council. There were other victories last month for reform groups, some of them in cities visited by the muckraking team from the Senate, and enough to suggest that there is currently a wave of resentment against what Lincoln Steffens long ago called "The Shame of the Cities." For this, Senator Kefauver and his colleagues must take much of the credit. They not only forced criminals, corrupt police and shady politicians to come before them and testify in open hearing; they also turned on these "crimesters" the full publicity of television networks with an audience which reached, during the New York hearings, perhaps as many as thirty million people.

There is no doubt that the Kefauver investigations were a severe shock. So many people had blithely assumed that the lawlessness described by Steffens, or which they remembered under Prohibition, had gone for good. Sure, everyone knew that there were "illegal" slot machines in the Country Club. Sure, everyone knew that the hotel clerk took horse bets or could get you a girl. Sure, everyone knew that the sheriff ran a Cadillac on a mere $5,000 a year, and that he never bothered about the saloon just out of town that had a roulette wheel "in back." I remember going into a strange town on a Sunday and asking if it was "dry." "Sure," said the bellhop, "what'll you have?" But I am certain that most people who connived at what they thought were petty irregularities had little idea of the scale of *organised* crime or realised that the crimesters bought politicians and law officers regularly and as a matter of course. For most people, after all, there is a vast difference between winking at graft and conniving at a criminal conspiracy which has made a vicious parody of popular government in one city after another.

It is no less than that, as Senator Kefauver shows in his fascinating account of the work of the Senate Crime Committee.* He is aware that the Committee, of which he was chairman, only made a limited excursion into this underworld, in which the alliance of criminals, political machines and even business operates. But in one year he travelled 52,000 miles, held hearings

* *Crime in America.* ESTES KEFAUVER. *Doubleday.* 8s.

in fourteen big cities, and took testimony from nearly eight hundred witnesses. At the end he came to some startling conclusions.

The first of these is peculiarly interesting. In the United States, Senator Kefauver reports, there is a "nationwide crime syndicate" formed by a group of locally autonomous gangs which collaborate for their mutual profit. It is, in business terms, a cartel. And the comparison with business goes further. During the Prohibition days, there was free competition: inter-gang rivalry led to violence, harmful publicity and waste. Gradually, monopoly conditions set in. The market was organised and territories allocated. The "killers" gave way to the "operators," aided by their smart lawyers and tax advisers, who control gambling—the biggest underworld profession—liquor outlets, vice, and even many legitimate businesses, from hotels to road haulage firms. The crime world, indeed, has become the mirror of the business world, using many of the same methods and terms, and subject to perverted form, of the same economic laws. The difference is that its purposes are patently illegal and socially destructive.

The transition from the crude gangsterism of the past to the quasi-respectability of the present has been helped by the permeation of legitimate business, and even trade unions, by the crimesters. Mr. Kefauver lists more than seventy types of business which are, in his words, "infiltrated by countless hoodlums." They range from florists, through printing, jams and jellies, to laundries, car dealers and miscellaneous manufacturing. In many cases, such firms are mere investment outlets for money earned elsewhere. But none of them represent the attempt of reformed criminals to go straight. The evidence is that unreformed criminals who control legitimate businesses use all their old tricks, from blackmail to strong-arm tactics and even murder, to beat and ruin their competitors. Such competition is even more devastating when the operators have a strong influence over the local police and politicians. And respectable "front" firms can be used to reward "friendly" officials with commissions, jobs and often directorships.

Next, says Mr. Kefauver, "political corruption in the United States seems to have sunk to a new low." In this respect, the transcript of the Senate investigation tells a scandalous tale. Here, in Saratoga, is a detective who was paid $10 a night to take the receipts of an illegal casino down to the bank in the safety of a police patrol car. There, in a small Florida town, the sheriff runs a betting business from his office. Everywhere the Committee went, law enforcement officers were taking percentages of the loot in return for protection, State legislators were receiving salaries in return for favours, ambitious politicians, up to the level of State Governor, were filling their campaign coffers from gamblers' funds. And there appeared such bizarre figures as Captain Gilbert in Chicago, enjoying a modest salary, who had somehow acquired $360,000 and was the Democratic candidate for Sheriff of Cook County. "The failure of human nature," he sorrowfully told the Senators, "is that we are prone to believe evil about our fellow man, and especially about a police officer."

It is easy to see why the Senators were so prone to believe evil. On the record of their inquiries, it might very well seem more natural than to believe good about any local politician or policeman, although the majority must surely be free of the shame revealed in these pages. For official dishonesty and corruption was found all the way up, even among agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau, whose task it is to ferret out tax-dodgers and to pin tax-evasion charges on criminals who cannot be indicted for their real offences. Is it any wonder that people become cynical? The crimesters laugh at the law. They avoid prosecution and deportation. They have friends—even colleagues—in high places who enforce the law and even make it, as in Nevada, to serve the needs of the crimesters.

In California, for instance, the Senators questioned Mr. Samish, a successful lobbyist at the State capitol in Sacramento, who had spent nearly a million dollars in the last six years on behalf of the "political" interests of the brewers—and who could not produce any accounts of where it had gone. As long ago as 1938, an official Californian investigation had shown that "The principal source of corruption has been money pressure . . . . The principal offender among lobbyists has been Arthur H. Samish." Then there was the curious episode in New York, where the ex-Mayor and present Ambassador to Mexico, Mr. O'Dwyer, was compelled to face a series of embarrassing questions about his relations with known criminals, his conduct as a public prosecutor and later Mayor in campaigns against crime and corruption in the city, and about certain sums said to have been paid him for services rendered. It has long been public knowledge that the Democratic machine in New York is riddled not merely with corrupt politicians but actually with the direct nominees of men like Frank Costello, the dominant personality in the whole world of U.S. crime. The same story is true in Kansas City, where Charlie Binaggio, murdered last year, combined the role of gang leader and boss of a section of the Democratic organisation.

It is a sordid and depressing tale, and Senator Kefauver does not pretend that his examples are exceptional. There is so much money in gambling—the base of the crimesters' economic

"Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!"

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pyramid—that crime does pay. A total of about $20 billion a year is a lot of anybody's money. True, something has been done by the Senate Committee. Through television, it has been able to dramatize the issues and shock the public as never before. It has sent some of the leading crimesters to jail, on contempt or tax-evasion charges for the most part, and it has dragged them and their unsavoury records out in front of the Klieg lights. A beginning has been made by the voters in the recent municipal elections. But, as Steffens pointed out years ago, while reformers get tired the racketeer will wait patiently until the heat is off. How much needs to be done, and how difficult the task will be, is shown by the fact that Senator Kefauver's Committee made twenty-two recommendations to the Senate, more than half of them requiring new legislation, and all of them involving drastic improvements in law enforcement and in public accountability, on the part of officials, politicians and business men alike.

Corruption, clearly, is going to be a big issue in next year's election campaign. Yet both parties are badly tainted. The Democrats to-day appear to be the worse because they have been in office longer and in more places. The crusade to which Senator Kefauver has given fresh life is not a new one. It has been going on sporadically for a century, and there are many who doubt whether the new muckrakers will do more than their predecessors. And all these were able to do, as the record so sadly shows, was temporarily to mend some of the most serious breaches in the dykes of public morality.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

What Nyasaland Wants

WALKING up the red dusty road from the station in Blantyre, I noticed a sight unique in my experience of Southern Africa. On a rough patch beside the road, four boys of about twelve years of age were playing with a football. The significant feature of the scene was the fact that two of the boys were Negroes and the other two White. This is characteristic of the noticeable difference between Nyasaland and the other territories of Southern Central Africa. The relations between Black and White are more free and easy than in any of the other territories. It is true that almost all Europeans regard the Africans as somewhat wayward and lazy children; their attitude is the paternalism of the better type of feudal lord. Yet there is a kindliness in this attitude which is in sharp contrast to the general relationship in the other territories. Here the African is a human being.

It is this attitude which the 2½ million Nyasa Africans value most and are desperately anxious to retain. Many of them still look to Britain in the same way as their forefathers regarded her sixty years ago, when their country first became a British Protectorate. They still personify Britain as their Mother, with the thought of Queen Victoria very much in their minds. All Nyasa Africans want to retain the maternal protection of Britain whilst they advance at their own pace towards understanding and responsibility. When they think of Federation, it is the fear of losing this security which first affects them. One old man, who can remember the original establishment of the Protectorate, and who had travelled 180 miles from Mzimba to meet the Colonial Secretary, said to me sadly: "It is like a mother throwing her child to the leopard."

The European inhabitants are not quite sure about Federation. The majority support the idea, seeing in it the chances of greater security of tenure, increased industrialisation, better communications, and greater support for European ideas. These things, they think, would accrue from developing immigration and associating with the settlers of the Rhodesias. Perhaps some doubts assail their minds as to the effect on race relations, for it is still possible for a leading member of the European community to tell the Colonial Secretary that he sympathises with the fears of the Africans. But there are only 4,000 Europeans in the country, one in six hundred of the population. Africans form the vast majority, and there is no shadow of doubt that the entire African population is completely and utterly opposed to any form of Federation or closer association with the other territories. Every organised body of African opinion has expressed this same absolute opposition.

There are two main channels by which Africans in Nyasaland express their views. The first is the Nyasaland African Congress; the second the African Protectorate Council. The Congress is largely composed of the few intellectuals in the country and is sometimes impatient of the more conservative and lethargic attitude of the Council; this is still mainly under the influence of the chiefs, who, in their turn, are considerably dependent upon the approval of the Government. Yet on this issue of Federation there is not the slightest division of opinion.

It was as a result of this attitude that the Africans of Nyasaland at first refused to send delegates to the Victoria Falls Conference and then, when persuaded to change their minds, sent a delegation mandated to oppose Federation *in toto*. Congress submitted a ten-point manifesto to Mr. Griffiths in Lilongwe, demanding, *inter alia*, the introduction of adult suffrage, an increase in African seats on the Legislative Council from two to twelve, based on the constituency principle, and Africanisation of the civil service, with greater responsibility for African civil servants. Their representatives told the Colonial Secretary that this was their policy and that they rejected the whole conception of Federation and of White leadership or partnership, claiming the right, as "protected" people, of self-determination and self-government. At Victoria Falls, it was the Nyasaland delegation principally that blocked discussion of Federation, and no doubt influenced the White settler representatives to consider confining their hopes of Federation to Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Yet in this limited White ambition, the Africans of Nyasaland see even greater dangers to their ambitions.

It might seem that this opposition is comparable to that of all rural people who see the shadow of industrialisation approaching. Yet here, in agricultural Nyasaland, there is a significant difference. It seems almost certain that even under Federation Nyasaland would remain largely agricultural, for there is no knowledge of the existence of any important minerals beneath her soil. The fear of the Nyasa Africans is not so much the fear of association with the industry of the Rhodesias as of coming under the influence of the racial policy of Southern Rhodesia. To the African in Nyasaland, Southern Rhodesian policy spells Pass Laws, loss of land and absence of political hope. It is true that Africans here have complaints about their treatment in their own land, many of which they attribute to the increase in the number of South Africans in the administration and to European preparation for Federation itself. They want greater opportunities to take responsible posts. They dislike the Tobacco and Maize Boards, and they are anxious to speed the Africanisation of the whole of the administration, with equal pay for equal work. They point out, for instance, that an African school inspector with two years' training in Britain gets only £12 per month and has to travel by bicycle and bus to the 170 schools under his care, whereas a European inspector will get £50 or £60 per month and can travel by car. They dislike the system of nominating members of the Legislative Council and consider the time more than ripe for the institution of a representative system.

Yet, with all their complaints, every Nyasaland African considers himself far better off under the Colonial Office than in any form of association with Southern Rhodesia. Many of them have been to Southern Rhodesia; every year, 80,000 of them are working there. They feel, above all, that Southern Rhodesia is being shaped into a White Man's country in which the African will never be more than a servant. They have no faith whatever in the safeguards of their interests contained within the London proposals, for they point out with bitterness that the Imperial Veto in Southern Rhodesia and the entrenched clauses in South Africa have proved hollow protection for the Africans of those territories. At a three-and-a-half-hour meeting with the Nyasaland African Congress a few weeks ago, one of the members summed up this whole attitude of opposition when he said to me, amidst unanimous applause: "Nyasaland may be a poor country for the Africans, but we would rather remain poor so long as we keep our freedom."

Lilongwe, Nyasaland. JOHN HATCH

Speak and Span

A FRIENDLY Irishwoman told me that she had a servant-girl who could not read, but who often received love-letters. How to find out what was in these letters without disclosing it, was a problem to the girl. She solved it by arrangement. Standing behind her mistress's chair she would put her fingers in her mistress's ears while the mistress read the letters aloud. Yes, there is more in this business of speech than meets the eye. How often, as a child, I have heard my father bumbling over a book or a newspaper; for, like many countryfolk, he could hardly take-in the printed word unless he first sounded it out. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" said the Apostle to the Ethiopian who was reading aloud *in order to understand;* and even a learned father of the early church, Saint Chrysostom, had the same barbarous habit. It was a habit which had its roots in an older world, a bookless world whose only library was the lips of the people, and whose only word was the spoken one.

Verbal language, it seems to me, must, in its origins, have had an element of compulsion. In the beginning the Word was man's moving mirror—sometimes a distorting mirror—of his moving and changing world. A friend who was mentally ill told me later that, in his delirium, when he liked his nurse, the nurse appeared to him to be a giant, but when he disliked him, he shrank to the size of a midget. Then I suddenly saw how the phrases, "to make much of," "to make little of," had their roots in a primitive visual experience. Indeed, the tap-root of verbal language is sight. In my parish in Ireland people would say to me, talking about a certain cross-grained man, "Oh, he's all right if you *go with him*"; and I thought of the numberless times I had turned and gone with him, and walked him home to his gate, in order to smooth and humour him. Other people, other times, I reflected, must have seen the same sight and had put a word on

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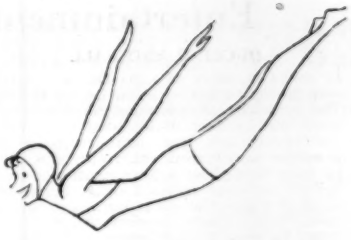

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it. How else explain the word "convenience" and its Latin root? And so with most familiar words: they stem back, no matter how hiddenly, to some observed event, and it is only when the airy crust of their abstraction cracks that we see their earthy origin.

How the Word began to begin is a matter for surmise, but writers who are obsessed and burned-up by words must mouth and moth some theory of origins. A Chinese sage, when asked if animals had souls, answered by suddenly giving voice to a great animal roar; for the beast, in common with man, can communicate by sound: the howl of the wolf in the wood is the cry of the man who is hunted. But how, out of that welter and wind of sound, that chaotic darkness, did the deliberate Word, the thought-giving speech with all its lighted nouns, its adjectival shadows and roving predicates, emerge? I think that the practice of poetry may point a clue. For it is part of the business of poetry to peel-off the woolly overcoats of language and to break through to the bare and physical sense: the poet will seldom use an abstract word like "dynamic"; instead, he will discover a music or an image that concretely imitates a dynamic happening.

In writing poetry one is sometimes able to see the process of creation. Once, I remember trying to get hold of a word which would describe the hovering of a hawk, a word which would sound both fixed and fluttering. I tried, on my mind's tongue, all kinds of wavering words like "flickering," "pulsing," "gibbering," "quibbling," till at last I hit on the one whose music, for my purpose, made *sound*-sense: the word was "ululating." Alas, my dictionary pinned it down to "howling, in the manner of a wolf," and in the end I meanly compounded for a visual description—"*On the same thong of air the hawk impends.*" But the abortive word was useful. I saw that in choosing "ululating" what I was trying to do was to put my lips and tongue into the shape of the thing I was seeing—the hovering hawk. My mouth was borrowing from my eyes. I was forming sound by means of sight. And that, I think, has in it a hint of the origins of verbal speech. From the fusion of sound and sight, speech, I believe, was evolved. That is why it is a unique means of communication; it has both ear and eye in it; that is why it asks, in the end as in the beginning, for lips to speak and to act it out. Words *are* actions, or re-enactions. And that, too, is why in an older world men found that reading-out rather than reading-in was a help to understanding the printed word. "Whenever you write verse," said W. B. Yeats to a friend, "write it as if you were talking to a man on the other side of the street and you had to shout." "When I don't understand a script," said an actor to me lately, "I speak it very loudly."

In the beginning was the howl in the wood, the hole in the hush, the torn darkness. But, as man—that most imitative of apes—watched his lighted and moving world, his lips took the shape of it, the shape of the nipple on the breast, the nip in the bud, the beast in the chase, the bird on the wing. What the eye seeks out, the mouth sucks in. By shaping his mouth in the visible image of his world man got power over it, was able to put a word on it, to freeze a fleeting moment, to make a pattern, a repeatable and reputable sound. It is the power which the poet feels when he finds *le mot juste*, when he discovers, under the leaves of sight, the hidden levies of sound waiting to stroke and strike for him. It is why he loses excitement once a poem is completed; for has he not fought and wrested one more inch of shape from the world of innocence, and made it his conscious and recapturable experience? "I will not," he says, wrestling Jacob-like till day-break with the dark and wordless Angel, "let thee go except thou bless me." We exist in order to turn outwardness into inwardness, in order *to become* the world and give tongue to it. "To write about a tree," said my friend, the schoolmaster, "you must first *be* a tree."

> And I, dryly shuffling through the scurf of leaves
> Fleeing like scuffled toast, was host to all these things,
> In me were the spoon-swoops of wind, in me too
> The rooks dying and settling like tea-leaves over the trees;
> And, rumbling on rims of rhyme, mine were the haycarts home-creeping,
> Leaving the rough hedge-cheeks long-strawed and streaked with their weeping.

"Words are tools for thinking." Like tools they can be jigged to a fine point, and are clearly capable of being used with fixed scientific precision. But since our world is one that *moves*, that exists in time and space and affect, our use of words must also have that moving quality; they must be not only fixed, but fluttering, which is why words have their restless tenses, and a line of poetry has never one meaning but many. "I would trust the maker of a dictionary to explain the meaning of one word, but not the meaning of two words," said a friend to Boswell who repeated the happy remark to Dr. Johnson. For words, like lovers, have the knack of conception, and left together are prone to forget themselves.

Perhaps on that admirable day when automobiles grow a winter-coat of fur, when bullets turn aside from a good man's head, and when aeroplanes disappear to copulate, the word and the world will be one again: the one and the many, the lion and the lamb, the divider and the multiplier, science and art, will curl down together in a coil of love and silence. "And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it."

W. R. RODGERS

The Arts and Entertainment

DECLINE AND FALL

It would be unjust to judge Dali as a whole from his latest exhibition at the Lefèvre Gallery. This is merely a disappointing culmination to a career that has been distinguished for audacity and inventiveness. Few other artists of his generation were blessed with greater gifts. But his latest works have little to recommend them beyond prodigious technical skill. Surrealism, which once gave Dali his power, has to such an extent become public property that it can no longer be made to serve artistic ends. Consequently he can only pay lip-service to it: it is sufficient for a hill to be suspended above a landscape, for a loaf of bread just not to topple off a table, for his clients to be satisfied. These clients are accustomed to frequent the dealers on 57th Street, so his pictures, as well as being "surrealistic," must look like old masters. His still-lives are like plausible Zurbarans and Cotans, sold with certificates from connoisseurs, framed in velvet, not too naturalistic—this would make them seem bourgeois—but enough so to catch the eye of the right collector. Le Nain's peasants must be tidied up to look like precious stones on the seashore: they may have picturesque tears in their trousers. Old master drawings must preserve the fortuitous, pretty damages of age: they must be made to look blotchy, fragmentary or faded. The phenomenon of under- and over-cleaning may be imitated. Mannerism and Rococo, the latest crazes, may be freely exploited. It is the world of the most up-to-date American magazines, with a colour reproduction of a Van Eyck as frontispiece and over the page, women with fashionable twigs growing out of their heads.

Dali is no doubt himself aware that he was most inventive in an atmosphere where he could still shock. He must look back with nostalgia to *Le Chien Andalou*. But now he can shock no one except possibly Marxists, least of all the well dressed. I saw a gentleman in a bowler hat gazing at the *Madonna of Port Lligat*, appearing to take for granted the fact that she should have a hole through her stomach. If Dali had been born fifty or even twenty years earlier, he might have lived the heroic outcast's life, a friend to Lautréamont or Jarry, inventing unpublishable fantasies in the manner or Doré or Rops. He belongs in spirit to the period 1870-1900 before art became smart; this may be the explanation of his obvious affection for those years. But he had the misfortune to grow up at a moment when outrageousness was tantalising to too many dilettantes. His most imaginative work dates from the time when he was still obscure, when by indulging in "wickedness" (he confesses to most vices in his *Secret Life*) he could still preserve the romance of the Bohemian. But he found himself slowly drawn into a cosmopolitan society, which, while applauding his eccentricities, caused him, on his own admission, to move slowly further and further to the right: this was the beginning of his artistic as well as his political "respectability." He finally abandoned as subject-matter vile bodies rotting in taxicabs for sumptuous but, unfortunately for him, almost uninhabitable Spanish palaces—decaying Brides-heads transported to the Iberian coast. Now and then he will return to the theme of the decomposing loved one. But it looks as though these gala performances may now be denied us, since finally, as we might have foreseen, he has found religion, or rather a sentimental brand of *bondieuserie*, which, strangely enough for a countryman of Greco, Goya and Picasso is without passion or intensity of any kind. His *Crucifixion* is a clever essay in perspective, and his *Madonna of Port Lligat* is just back from the Besiegui ball. It is shameful to have to write of any artist in this vein, and I would never do so if I did not believe that Dali, on the strength of his past achievement, deserved to be treated with seriousness.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

HIGH COMEDY

All efforts to widen our English repertory deserve support and we must warmly applaud Mr. Guthrie's decision to revive Colman and Garrick's *The Clandestine Marriage*. In principle at any rate. For in performance the play is something of a routine piece, an actor's play with the virtues and deficiencies of this species. It is theatrically well contrived but offers few of the incidental rewards which can reconcile us to the comparative tedium of the comedy of intrigue: little wit or elegance of language and, alas, no bawdry. The characters are from stock: the *nouveau riche* who dearly loves a lord; his termagant sister; the sweet and innocent younger daughter and the shrewish elder; the Swiss valet and the Welsh maid. What one can say for them is that they offer good acting opportunities.

One of these is superbly taken. Mr. Donald Wolfit's performance as Lord Ogleby is in the very highest class, the Edith Evans class. He is acting an old man, an old man in whom lust still burns bright, who gets up in the morning and hides his wrinkles under paint and his sags beneath lacing, in the hopes of making an impression on the girls of the house. He is even fond enough to fancy that the youngest of them has developed a passion for him and promptly arranges to marry her. These are his two big scenes, the preparation in his dressing-room, and the mistaken declaration scene on a bench in the garden; and each of them is simple perfection.

In acting, as in every other art, one of the prime difficulties is to cut through the conventions and clichés that overlay every conception. There are conventions and clichés for representing on the stage all characters, old men, termagants, merchant snobs, innocent girls and dashing young heroes. The good craftsman-actor doesn't get beyond putting over a more or less sensitive selec-

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tion of these clichés: and usually we accept them. But how dull and insufficient that seems when alongside it we suddenly find an artist-actor really creating, not merely imitating, and so, apparently, not acting but being. Every little gesture, grunt, wheeze, inflection, tic, in Mr. Wolfit's Lord Ogleby seems to grow organically out from the centre of an actual living man. A foolish old man it is true, but the man is presented to us mixed up with his folly; and so behaviour which might in other hands be odious or simply ridiculous touches a layer of affection under our laughter. Too many English actors in comedy nowadays step outside their part and comment, so to speak, on their own funniness, hoping to make the effect funnier, but in fact detracting from the humour. Mr. Wolfit is a model in this respect. Then, the variety within the small range that the part offers is really astonishing. We are constantly being surprised by a gesture or inflection or movement which we haven't expected—whereas with the ordinary craftsman-actor we can, after a few moments, anticipate more or less exactly how they will speak and move—they never take us by surprise. Mr. Wolfit's Lord Ogleby is crammed with little subtleties of surprise and ingenuities of the unexpected, and yet each of these touches, once they have been added, have about them that inevitability of being exactly right. Tact, restraint, invention, style, in all these Mr. Wolfit excels, and these virtues spring, I suggest, from the performance being a created one, and not at any point an imitated one.

The dazzle of this central performance rather dims the others, but Mr. Leo McKern as a servant contrives a very amusing drunk scene with Yvonne Bonnamy; Mr. Andre Morell alone brings real style to his performance; Miss Charmian Eyre and Mr. Peter Coke are the pleasantly ingenuous lovers. Mr. Hilton Edwards manages an agreeable smooth production on a stage no longer well adapted to this kind of comedy.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

EXPERIMENT is the critic's caviar, especially in radio, where the weekly pattern is frequently a matter not merely of custom but of ritual. I have had the curious experience recently, during a short period when the Light was the only programme accessible, of listening for several days with the wrong week's *Radio Times*, and not once remarking the error. Nevertheless, experiment is not limited to any one service. Sometimes the boldest of risks are taken on the seemingly sober Home, not only in such single ventures as the Monday evening play, but in series, where the effects of failure are most evident. I would call the broadcasts appearing on this service under the heading *Special Correspondent* an instance of an idea very successfully put into practice. These talks, which deal, as we might expect, with places and themes of some immediate interest, are in fact eye-witness reporting on a serious and reflective level of thought and writing. The latest example is Julian Duguid's *Journey in the Middle East*: beautifully written, beautifully spoken, percipient—so I have found the two opening talks I have heard. (Two remain to be given.) Tom Hopkinson's accounts of his Finland journey, with their unhurried penetration, belong also to this series; it has included, as well as other long-distance projects, such home subjects as Sarah Campion's *The Last of England* (about the sailing of an emigrant ship); aspects of the East Anglian fisheries; accounts of foreign workers in English mines.

One of the criticisms endured by the radio critic is that he (or she) is writing of things past, that often will not be heard again. This is true; but at least the component parts—actors, producers and others—are not so ephemeral. In this spirit I would like to mention Lilly Kann's magnificent performance in *The Golden Door*, and Mollie Greenhalgh's production of this vigorous domestic drama. I have spoken before of Alan Lomax's folk song programmes; still, his *I Heard Scotland Sing* had too much good material in it not to be mentioned. This—from memory—included Aberdeen children singing their street games; an island woman encouraging her cow with one of its favourite ditties, and other songs more powerful and haunting, like that of James MacPherson at the gallows tree. Even the non-liker of this kind of music—a group as clearly defined as that of the enthusiasts, and, I believe, larger—must have recognised the energy and detachment of this presentation. But why are Tuesday evenings reserved week by week for two similar song programmes, running concurrently? I should have thought that Songs of the British Isles and Scottish ballads would be inviting to exactly the same audience. It is a weekly curiosity of programme planning to which I have never resigned myself.

After some harsh observations on *Focus* lately I am glad to report that the last two numbers (on Borstal and on Cruelty to Children—both by C. R. Hewitt) were Focus in the old manner: swift, pointed, economical, and supplying a fact or two more than the listener was already furnished with. The dialogue of the second was particularly effective, both in its writing and its acting (Patricia Hayes? Charles Leno? the cast is vaguely given, if at all). *Family Bible*, a Sunday feature by Ormerod Greenwood, was a well presented piece of special pleading, not labouring its theme, and with some really attractive and unobvious illustrations. How Eliza Lynn Linton lost her faith was one of these. Is this an instance of the present "liberal" note in religious broadcasting?

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The House in the Square," at the Odeon "Lightning Strikes Twice," at Warner's

A correspondent who has written arguing with my conclusions about *Miss Julie*, demands: "Haven't you approached this film from the wrong end—that is, not as a film, but as a screen version of a play? In the new medium it is bound to be different, and if it succeeds as a film, surely that is the only thing that matters, Strindberg or no Strindberg. Dickens films may not be for the Dickens enthusiast quite Dickens, but they can be good films for all that, and deserve to be rated as such. On its own merits, *Miss Julie* seems to me as good a film as has come to London for several months; and I am thankful to say that your review did not prevent me from seeing and thoroughly enjoying it." Well, having tried hard to see *Miss Julie* apart from its original (but it is rather like coming fresh to Bach's Chaconne on the electric guitar) I stick to my "passably good." Ought one to suppress previous knowledge in such a case? The director of *Miss Julie* did not set out to give us Strindberg with a difference, as Pabst, for example, did once with *The Beggar's Opera*: my complaint was that he had been faithful to his original and by expanding its hints had enfeebled it. Now, while there might be innumerable ways of making a Chekhov film or even a Dickens film, these being many-sided writers, there can be only one way of dealing with Strindberg—by going all out. That's how Mr. Robert Lorraine succeeded on the stage with *The Father*, and that's the path to success with *Miss Julie*. Strindberg, I believe, offers huge possibilities to a director running wild, especially with those plays that seem too phantasmogoric for a stage, *The Dream Play* and *The Spook Sonata*.

My correspondent ends: "A few weeks ago you were praising *The Red Badge of Courage* and admitting you had *never read it*. How do you know it wasn't a frightful perversion of Stephen Crane?" I don't.

The House in the Square is a refurbished bit of fantasy about slipping back into the eighteenth century, in the shoes of an ancestor, finding it elegant, noisy and dirty, getting caught out with post-dated remarks and discovering the love that transcends time. These adventures, which plunge us into fragrant Technicolor, might seem unexciting at the best of times, and they are made doubly tedious here by a hero who is an atom scientist and starts inventing electricity, steam-boats, and anaesthetics in a cellar. He is very properly carted away to a Bedlam; from which, however, a clap of thunder whisks him back into the present and into the arms of the same girl who waits at both ends. This may seem rather too much, even for an American atomic scientist occupying all by himself a house in Berkeley Square.

After magical thunder-claps, the *Lightning Strikes Twice* with its down-to-earth murder. But sanity doesn't last long. Mr. Richard Todd, suspected of having strangled his wife, is found on a wild night in the lonely heart of Texas by Miss Ruth Roman, who marries him and then on her wedding night catches a murderous glint in his eye, and so out into the wilds again where the real murderer is waiting. This could all have been cleared up in the first half-hour if Mr. Todd's script had allowed him. It brings me back, by the way, to Strindberg, whose second wife, awaking on her wedding night to find herself half-strangled, was soothed by the assurance that he had thought it was his *first* wife still by his side.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Jankel Adler, 1895-1949 and Bernard Meninsky, 1891-1950, at the New Burlington Galleries.

If only there were some Poetic Justice in art history! Adler and Meninsky, both Jewish artists, suffered according to their time. Meninsky was endlessly tortured by the doubts of his temperament and period; Adler was a constant European exile. In these two memorial exhibitions one would therefore like to be able to find a mass of work which, inevitably coming out of the experience of their suffering, had some indomitable value. Yet, although both were accomplished painters and draughtsmen, one cannot. One can only see how Meninsky found comfort and stability in his classic world of solid but dream-like bathers and lovers; one can only understand why Adler, dispossessed, elaborated his technique until it became a sort of complex, formal etiquette. One can, however, discover single works which are important—so long as they are judged, not comparatively, but (more sensibly) by the simple value of their power to affect the willing spectator. Ironically, the value of these works is dependent on how far either of the artists was able to transcend the habits of his acquired personality. The point about Meninsky's excellent drawings of a mother and child (done in 1918) is that in them the "ideal" drama of his pseudo-classic pictures is given an edge by the actuality and intimacy of the particular experience. (One of them, No. 50, is probably the best work in the whole gallery.) Equally, the point about Adler's successful paintings—the Irish Peasant, the Man Meditating and also some of the watercolours—is that in them the elaborate technique of Parisian formalisations, super-textures, etc., is made paradoxically *desperate* by the urgency of his reaction to the subject: the same type of paradox of desperation beneath etiquette as one finds in a play by Chekhov.

J. B.

Edouard Pignon, at the Leicester Galleries

Logic, wit, objectivity, nimbleness—all these qualities have been found in French art, yet what distinguishes an exhibition like this (Pignon is a well-known and established French painter) from a similar British exhibition is a quality of workmanlike good sense. One's first impression of these paintings, mostly of olive groves, is that they are rather crude and over-dramatic, but soon one begins to appreciate the ordinary logic that lies behind them, one begins to understand the fact that they belong to a tradition which is not, like our own, over-conscious of "personal sensitivity," one becomes aware that the painter—without any song or dance—is naturally concerned with the really fundamental issues of his art. One sees, for example, in the paintings of Ostend, the boat-shapes remaining boat-like but at the same time being laid flat on the picture surface to make a trellis of colour. This is obvious enough, for, just as the basic thrill of language is that the word has an identity *and* a meaning, the basic thrill of painting is that two-dimensional, oily, mineral marks do shift for a three-dimensional human world; as I said, it is ob-

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vious enough, but it usually takes a French painter to remind us of its simple importance. Some of these pictures are better than others. They are all immensely energetic—even the peasants are seen for once as an active, not a passive force. Occasionally this energy becomes, as it were, muscle-bound and the result is poster-like. In others the energetic drawing is counterbalanced by a firm sense of space. However, the point about these paintings is that you can take them or leave them; they require no apology—and that is hardly true of the work of even the greatest British artists.

J. B.

Uday Shankar and Amala, at the Prince's Theatre

We are becoming used to the gesture, rhythm and idiom of Indian dancing. As the companies pass more frequently through London it is easier to understand, to compare and to criticise their work. The company of Uday Shankar and Amala lacks the elegance of Sarabhai and Gopal only superficially: it has a restraint and warmth not possessed by the others, a quality which is Shankar's own contribution. *India*, which he dances alone, is a display of virtuosity, of magnificent technique and an amazing suppleness of arms and shoulders. If the old brilliance has gone with the years and the muscles now lack firmness his stage personality still commands the audience. But the male dancing of the corps, except for the best *Tilottama* I have seen anywhere, seems effeminate and Amala herself is diffident as if overcome by the fame of his name. Most of the orchestra's instruments are percussion arranged at the back of the stage like a witches' kitchen of pots, pans and cauldrons, a great spit standing in the centre to carry the gongs. The drums, by their clatter and crash, lend to *Tandava Nrittava*, the last dance drama, the excitement and religious intensity of a medieval mystery play.

P. B.

Correspondence

LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—Mr. Roy Jenkins seems extraordinarily pleased that our external deficit for the year is some £450 millions, only £300 millions worse than expected. This has been financed not only by a loss of dollars, but also by borrowing from the Colonies, whose sterling balances, according to the Colonial Secretary, have risen by £400 millions. Quite apart from the ethics of arming at the expense of the Colonies, this World Mutual Aid to Britain cannot continue. There will be trouble if we continue to take the Colonies' dollar earnings, and give them sterling with which they cannot buy the capital goods they need.

The blunt truth about our economic situation is that production has ceased to increase, and a rapidly rising arms bill can only be financed at the expense of either foreigners or living standards at home. I can understand and respect the view, of Mr. Amery and others, that to match Russian strength we must cut our living standards by violent retrenchment, though I do not share it. What is contemptible is the pretence by the former and present Chancellors that there is no disagreeable choice between living standards and the rearmament programme; for such a pretence allows them to deal with the growing crisis by forcing loans from the Colonial peoples, letting inflation impoverish the pensioners, stealthily raiding health and education, ceasing to build up strategic reserves, and finally begging from the United States. This demoralising and devitalising process will continue until the choice is faced.

Boarstall Keep, — DUDLEY SEERS
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SIR,—Mr. Jenkins argues that the current deficit into which the country drifted—some £800m. p.a.—is not significant. He wishes to take the yearly average £450m. as the basis for his arguments and policy.

The smallness of the adverse balance in the first half of this year does nothing to help us now to sustain the drain on our foreign exchange reserves. It is the current deficit which we have to remedy.

I observed that had exports paralleled their 1950 expansion, as Germany's did, our deficit would be of a manageable proportion. Mr. Jenkins counters that the exports had lived up to the expectation of the *Economic Survey*. In the first place, the *Economic Survey* took into account rearmament. In the second place Mr. Jenkins could achieve his statistical feat only by excluding the fourth quarter of 1950 from his calculations. Had he not done so he would have found that the average increase in exports over 1950 is only little above half of what was expected and that exports remain below the previous peak. Yet in previous years the expansion was continuous so that there is no valid reason for excluding the fourth quarter from the comparison. 1951 is the first year of relapse in export trade since the fuel crisis.

Our imports of food increased by 27 per cent. Our imports of raw materials by 71 per cent. It is difficult, therefore, to attribute the worsening of the position mainly to increased consumption at home. The drop in production due to rearmament played a dominant part. Nor will it do to blame the Americans for the increase in the price of our imports: their imports fell heavily this year. But even if we attributed all evil to increased consumption, we could have covered the deterioration by increased exports—as Germany did—had our industry not been overloaded by the ever-increasing strain of rearmament. This has now been recognised even by Mr. Churchill.

It is therefore to be hoped that any U.S. contribution will *exclusively come through the delivery of finished weapons. Any other policy would have us at the mercy of Congress.* The military policy of wanting arms production here must be resisted at all costs. Arms production must be compressed to a level compatible with permanent solvency. This is the true sharing of the burden and not the vote of dollars which reduces us to the status of a satellite.

Balliol College, T. BALOGH
Oxford.

AFRICAN "CLEARANCE"

SIR,—May I comment on the letter in your issue of December 2 which refers to the removal of 3,000 families of Wameru in the Ngare-Nanyuki area of Tanganyika? Last year this office was in correspondence with the Secretary of State for the Colonies on the subject of land settlement in the area referred to. Finally, our representatives visited the Colonial Office for a full discussion, during which detailed maps were produced for our inspection. We were informed that a general scheme was in progress which had been discussed with and accepted by the Native Councils of the Wachagga and the Wameru. It had been furiously opposed (as a most cursory glance at the Tanganyika press showed) by the Tanganyika European Council, since it involved the compulsory acquisition of a number of European farms for African settlement.

Some scheme was urgently necessary because both the Chagga and the Meru peoples were short of land and were hemmed in to the upper slopes of the Kilimanjaro and Meru Mountains by a belt of European settlement. Parts of this belt consisted of German estates which passed to the Custodian of Enemy Property during the war. Accordingly, nearly 23,000 acres (of which 7,000 are to be released in 20 years' time) have been allocated to the Wachagga from ex-German and other European estates, and over 11,000 acres to the Wameru. In addition, just over 300,000 acres of new land farther down the mountain slopes were to be opened up, over a period of years, to provide a continuous expansion area for the tribes concerned. This scheme is in operation. The promised European land has been acquired, and cattle-dips and water-supplies are already being provided. These facts may be of interest to your readers, since they reveal the context in which some African families are now being moved.

We were informed that 500 Meru families would be involved, but later this figure was corrected to 350. The figure of 3,000 given by your correspondent was never mentioned. These families were living in the Ngare-Nanyuki area to the north and north-east of Meru Mountain. This area was considered to be unsuitable, except in small pockets, for satisfactory cultivation, but very suitable for cattle-ranching on European lines. It included two former German farms which the Wameru had bought and for which the price they paid was to be refunded. They would not be asked to pay for the new lands to which they were to be removed. It appears from your correspondence that at the end of a long period of discussion, during which it had been thought that agreement had been reached, this section of the Wameru now objects to removal, just as the Europeans involved also objected, at first, to their removal. These objections must surely indicate the real difficulties that confront Africans, Europeans and Government alike in devising and operating a satisfactory policy of land utilisation.

MARJORIE NICHOLSON
Fabian Colonial Bureau,
11 Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1.

MARKET GARDENING

SIR,—The marketing of horticultural produce is one of those unlucky subjects in which those outside the business seem always ready to correct and advise those who have to face the hard, practical test of making their livings within it.

Two facts are outstanding at the present time: our balance of payments is such, and is likely to remain such, that we, as a nation, must use our native resources to the full to make ends meet. Secondly, our strategic position requires us to be prepared for all eventualities and to live on our own resources for as long as we can. The horticultural industry, with an output worth approximately 100 millions a year, is an important part of those resources. Accordingly, the Government set a target for the industry, announced in 1948, in a Four-Year Expansion Programme for Horticulture: it was to keep the acreage of fruit and vegetables at about the high wartime level (nearly double the pre-war figure), to increase acreage of soft fruit by approximately 50 per cent. above the 1947 figure and of dessert apples and dessert pears by 10,000 and 5,000 acres respectively. This represented a deliberate piece of economic planning on the part of the Government of the day and one which still stands. It involved the industry in a large risk and outlay, and the industry asked and was assured that conditions of sufficient economic stability would be created by the Government to enable the industry to carry out the plan.

One of the basic necessities for the marking out of such a plan is the proper regulation of imports. This applies to horticulture as it does to the whole realm of food production, and the experience, surely, of the last 100 years is that no food production policy can succeed unless there is some regulation over imports. As far as horticulture was concerned, there existed before the war a moderate range of specific duties in operation which compared very favourably with duties which covered the range of other goods which this country imports.

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have been accepted by practically every authority who has examined the problem, as being the most satisfactory method to effect regulation both in the interests of the consumer and the producer. They have the great advantage of allowing produce into the country when the price is high, or, in other words, when supplies are short, and of keeping it out when the price is low, or, in other words, when there are plentiful home supplies. They have the great disadvantage that, unlike *ad valorem* duties, they do not take into account alterations in money value.

Every person in this country is only too well aware of the great fall in value that has taken place not only of the £ but in the currencies of other countries throughout the world. Others in this country have sought by one means or another to adjust the fall in value of the £. It is necessary that the horticulturist should do the same, and Mrs. Castle is correct when she says that the Union is seeking to adjust the duties that were in operation before the war so that they have a similar effect to-day as they had in 1939. This seems to me common sense and common equity.

I feel sure that it could be left to the common sense of the consumers of this country not to make precisely the same mistake to-day that has been made so often in the last 100 years so far as home-grown food is concerned.

E. H. GARDENER,
Chairman
Central Horticultural Committee,
N.F.U., 45 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

SOIL AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—It is unfortunate that Mr. Hyams spoils, by his emotional theories concerning peasant cultivation, the plea he makes in "Soil and Socialism" for the Labour Party to free itself, in favour of agriculture, from its preoccupation with urban matters. I will not attempt here to support the thesis which Mr. Hyams condemns—namely, that, the more prosperous the peasant, the less inclined he is to sell his food. There is plenty of evidence in the world to-day to show that this is true. But he cannot be allowed to get away with his contention that because of some mystic communion between the peasant and the soil, the peasant will never reduce the fertility of his land, while because of the rapaciousness of the agricultural industrialist alone, trees are cut down, humus is exhausted and the good earth becomes a dust bowl.

I wonder if Mr. Hyams has ever been to Bulgaria where soil erosion in the mountain districts is as bad as anywhere in Europe, but where cultivation has been, from time immemorial, carried out by peasants; or to East Africa where centuries of tribal farming is now causing a problem which is straining to the utmost the resources and the skill of soil conservation experts. Or, on the other hand, if he has visited the industrialised farms of Lincolnshire or East Anglia where both fertility and productivity are well above what they were at the times of the enclosures.

The fact of the matter is that land is to the farmer what the factory or workshop is to the industrialist or craftsman. Without it production is impossible, but it is always on the cards that a bad farmer will, either deliberately or unwittingly, make quick profits by failing to maintain the fertility of his soil, just as the industrialist may do the same by failing to keep his factory in good order. It is not any mystical love of the soil which prevents this happening; it is merely common sense and knowledge, and on the whole the peasant, being less of a specialist and with less opportunities for education, is more likely to neglect this part of his business than the farmer who produces primarily for sale.

I am as anxious as Mr. Hyams for the Labour Party to give serious thought to agricultural and agrarian matters, but for goodness sake let this thought be based on fact and not mysticism.

H. D. WALSTON
Cambridge.

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KID'S STUFF

SIR,—I was relieved to read the timely article "Kid's Stuff" in your issue of Dec. 1. For it may not be generally recognised that the mass circulation of American comics, imported in block form and printed here, represents a serious threat to the minds of young (and other) readers in *this* country.

One can no more say that fiction is responsible for crime, than one can claim that it has no influence upon it. Dr. Wertham, researching in the Lafargue Clinic, New York, instances a horrifying series of child crimes and murders (!), the patterns of which can be lifted straight out of the pages of these comics, as can the phrases of explanation given by these children of their crimes. Among them are such as —a brother and sister of 11 and 8, who beat up a 7-year-old, "to see what it felt like to kill." During the beating they stabbed the boy with a fountain pen, and tried to squirt ink into the wound, "like giving him a hypodermic."——A seventeen-year-old boy, who killed a thirteen-year-old boy, and left a note signed "The Devil."——A gang of adolescent bandits led by a fifteen-year-old girl.——A twelve-year-old boy who killed a ten-year-old, "because he called me a sissy." When we think of Alan Poole, the Chatham gunman, we must remember that in the comics he read (300 were found in his room) such phrases as "We'll give these flatfeet cops a bellyfull of lead" are characteristic.

Not every child who reads comics becomes a delinquent, or develops abnormally, and perhaps the child who, asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, said enthusiastically "A sex maniac," was not necessarily heading for a life of crime. But, unnoticed by parents and general public, a cult of violence is being organised, which may lead to just such a warping of young minds as characterised the Youth Movement in Hitler's Germany. Under Nazism the *deliberate* intention was to prepare the minds of youth in such a way that they became the willing and brutal soldiers of to-morrow. Can we allow this pattern to insinuate itself here?

It may bewilder some that these comics are read with such avidity by our teenagers, and the banning of these books will not remove the cause of interest. But surely a ban is a necessary and urgent first step?

ANNA FRANKEL
17 Soho Square,
London, W.1.

BONNARD

SIR,—Patrick Heron's article on "Bonnard and Visual Reality" in your issue of November 24 deserves to be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested. "An art that should be pre-eminently visual in its sources of inspiration has become merely intellectual: the subtlety of observed shapes has given way to the repetitive rhythm of symbols. The special realm of art, the visual realm, has been increasingly ignored."

Circumstances caused me recently to live in Scandinavia for a number of years and, while there, I formed the impression that a number of Scandinavian painters, even if they had received their tuition in the Ecole de Paris, had returned to their native countries determined to interpret the scenes and lights of their native lands, instead of longing nostalgically for the landscapes of Provence. In fact I discerned an enthusiasm for natural phenomena suggestive of the French impressionists, and I felt that, without making any bold claims for these Scandinavian artists, the atmosphere in which they were working was a healthy one.

Shortly after my arrival in Stockholm, I saw two landscapes of the city under snow, the one by Marquet who, I believe, spent a short time there, and the other by Axel Nielson. My first reaction was entirely in favour of the brilliance of the French painting in contrast to the heavier treatment in the Swedish one. But with further visual experience of the city, I came to see how much more truly seen and felt the Swedish picture was, and it was only then that I appreciated its basic quality. How deeply, therefore, I pity the poor art critic, who is obliged to deliver snap judgments based on his sensibility and on his experience of the visual reactions of other artists to scenes familiar to him!

W. H. MONTAGU-POLLOCK
British Legation,
Damascus.

THE UNTIDY TALKER

SIR,—I'm sort of writing, I mean, to draw attention to the very careless manner, you know, in which a great number of broadcasters speak. To be fair, you know, it's a very widespread disease, and we could most of us sort of do with some treatment, I mean. It's not just confined, you see, to sort of Tony East and the younger generation, I mean, but you see you even hear well-known sort of practitioners of letters, I mean, doing it, including several whose prose appears in the columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, you know. It's sort of agonising sometimes, you know, to listen to programmes like "The Critics," "Argument," "Any Questions," and "Taking Stock." I mean either they should say what they mean, or vice versa, or sort of think it out more clearly before speaking, you know. I mean it's sort of discourteous to listeners to keep telling them things you keep telling them they know, I mean, *and* accepting payment for it, I mean.

I'm thinking of offering sort of £5 reward to any of the three top comedians, you know, who'll put in a character to sort of pillory these careless talkers, I mean. Meantime, I mean, perhaps the B.B.C. could be sort of persuaded to give a lead by docking a guinea, you know, for every three interjections that aren't sort of necessary, from the fee of offenders, I mean. And radio critics, you see, who sort of pride themselves, I mean, on being sort of listeners' watch-dogs, you know, might keep a score and sort of publish it at the end of every week, which might prove, you see, to be a sort of deterrent, I mean you know.

GEORGINA HORLEY
5 Selwood Place,
Onslow Gardens, S.W.7.

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Books in General

THE 19th century was the great age of the novel, but in Spain Pérez Galdós is the only novelist who escapes to some extent from Spanish provincialism and can be compared with the European figures. He has a large range of scene and character; he has been beyond the Pyrenees; he is a social moralist. His masters were Balzac, Dickens and Cervantes and his huge output—he wrote forty-five historical narratives in addition to a number of ambitious novels, one of which is longer than *War and Peace*—composes a kind of Spanish *Comédie Humaine*. How is it that he is so little known outside of Spain, and so little translated? In the long and warm analysis of Galdós's work which Mr. Gerald Brenan gives in his *Literature of the Spanish People* he makes several points which suggest an explanation. The first is the "lack of temperament" in Galdós. Then

> we look in vain in his portrait gallery for outstanding figures . . . . One reason for this is that he never treats his characters in isolation, but always as members of a class or group or family. He is a social historian who aimed at giving the pattern of a society and, what is more, of a society which he regarded as corrupt and frivolous, rather than as an individualist.

Galdós was born in the Canaries and spent his long life in Madrid essentially as an observer, or as a kind of visiting doctor who comes in to diagnose an illness. In consequence, he keeps an objective eye on what he sees and his characters never exceed life-size: "most of his characters"—I quote again from Mr. Brenan—"are mediocrities, some are almost painful in their lack of personality." If, like the Russian novelists, Galdós gains in evocative power by testing his characters against "the national predicament" he has not the Russian desire to magnify the key figures. He aimed, as he once wrote, at a special kind of naturalism which would be salted by Spanish irony, and though his psychological perception is fine, we have a little the impression that his excellence depends for us on our feeling for the peculiarity of Spanish life in his time. In Spain, Galdós was greatly read, though there has always been some clerical opposition to his work and he has been very much forbidden. Under the present regime, I have been told, new editions of his work suffer from excisions by the censorship. This is not surprising. Galdós was a Liberal, an enemy of the Ultramontanes. He made damaging fun of certain kinds of Spanish piety and the perennial political corruption of the official classes.

The English reader has now the opportunity of starting on Galdós in Miss Gamel Woolsey's translation of *La de Bringas* (*The Spendthrifts*).* The characters of his novels reappear in other works, and this one follows *Tormento* and *El Doctor Centeno*, though it is quite independent of them. *The Spendthrifts* is a brilliant, well constructed comic story, blooming absurdly out of the political realities of its time. The translation preserves the tone of the period and flows simply and naturally along. The immediate theme of the novel has the Balzacian mark of the theory of the dominant passion: a woman's passion for clothes. This is not a trivial subject. It leads Galdós to the heart of a society which has a mania for display at all costs. Indeed the greater the poverty of the country, the greater the social and political corruption, the more important public display becomes. Refugio, the courtesan, who has tried her hand at dealing in dresses and hats smuggled through the customs, says towards the end of the tale:

> Here, except for half a dozen families, everyone is poor. Façade, nothing but façade. These people have no idea of comfort in their houses. They live in the streets; and so that they can dress well and go to the theatre, some families eat nothing but potato omelettes all the year round.

Where does the money come from? From bribes, sinecures, official swindles and an eternal tragi-comedy of cadging, sponging, borrowing and plain stealing—for half the people do not pay their bills. And the whole system has the lazy, generous, careless figure of the Queen at the top of the pyramid. Galdós has caught the comedy in the last year of Isabel's reign, and by the end of the book the *coup d'état* has occurred and the whole pack of cards comes down.

The Bringas are a modest but rising family in the upper official class. The husband has a place at Court, the family lives in a wonderful menagerie of royal hangers-on, on the top floor of the Palace. Bringas has a horror of debt and has become a miser who watches every penny in the household accounts. He has succeeded in preventing his wife from entering society by keeping her without fashionable clothes. If clothes are her fantasy, Bringas has a peculiar fantasy of his own. Like everyone else he owes his position and his son's advancement to "influence," keeping important persons sweet, and tacit bribery. The son has, for example, been given a government job with a respectable salary at the age of 16, though in fact he is still at the university and only goes to the office to collect his money. For this and other advantages Bringas wishes to show his gratitude to his benefactor in a spectacular way. He sets out to make a hair picture as a memorial to his benefactor's dead daughter. The Spanish cult of death has never been so comically treated. Bringas's picture is a sort of fretwork horror, a landscape of tombs, angels, willows, lakes and distant Gothic walls, set in an oval frame eighteen inches across; but it is woven from the tresses of the dead girl, with some help from the hair of her mother and her sister. The task is minute, maddening and monstrous; each thread of hair has to be picked up by tweezers, snipped by scissors into tiny pieces no larger than the smallest stroke of an etching and then gummed to the plate.

While Bringas sits half the day absorbed in this sepulchral folly his wife is gradually infected by a ridiculous friend with the mania for dresses. Soon she is caught up in debts and cheated by friends who borrow from her. When the crisis comes, a stroke of luck saves her: the minuteness of her husband's work has made him temporarily blind. She is able to sell the candlesticks and tamper with his cash box without being seen. Eventually she finds herself helplessly drifting among a group of ruined and lying women all borrowing from one another, and turns to take a lover for help. We see the gradual downfall of a nice, faithful wife, her humiliation at the hands of her lover, who politely evades helping her after his success, and finally her total humiliation at the hands of a courtesan who claims to be a member of the family.

So far this is no more than a story by Maupassant, dry and ironical in its beginning, steely and inexorable in its end. But Galdós is far more interested in character and the density of human relations, than he is in pure plot. His moral is never merely neat. There are two ways of looking at Rosalia Bringas and her husband. We can see them as a good, devoted, pious married couple bringing up their children well; if Bringas is close with money, that is merely because he is determined not to live the silly life of pretence and debt around him, and the moment his sight goes Rosalia is the soul of care. They live clucking together like a couple of funny, anxious ducks on their little domestic island. Rosalia's passion for clothes is native, feminine and imaginative; her vanity is part of the ancient comedy of women's lives; her piety is fitting. The dream of clothes is simply Don Quixote's dream in another idiom. But Galdós has prepared us, in *Tormento*, the earlier novel, for a Rosalia who has been poisoned by society. Envy, family pride, class pride are in her. She will stick at nothing in keeping up her social position; she will fight tooth and nail to keep the inferior woman out. Her religion is ignorant and vulgar hocus-pocus; it is also a financial drain. When her lover tricks her, when the courtesan—who claims to be a relation—makes her crawl for a loan and pours contempt on the respectable married woman and her "superior" morality, Rosalia's Spanish violence comes out. She instantly thinks of murder. And far from being chastened, she reads her lesson otherwise. She hardens. For after the intolerable August in Madrid where she has been obliged to stay—and in this kind of atmosphere Galdós is admirable; he is the novelist of a city—the *coup d'état* comes, her reactionary husband is ruined, her safe place in the Palace has gone; and she gets a thrill of power as she realises that it is upon herself that the family will now depend. The lesson she has been taught is that it is important to go after the men with the big money; and she has learned how to do it. The tempted fool has turned into a formidable and spirited expert.

There are many good portraits in the book. Doña Milagros with the smart parties she cannot pay for, her self-deceit, her emotional lies, is at a stage more advanced than Rosalia. Doña Cándida, the simple, mad, harmless cheat, or Refugio, the courtesan, are at further stages. There is a delightful Proustian politician in Don Manuel Pez, the serene dandy and adept manager of formulæ who expresses all his ideas in triplicate:

> "It's impossible, it's very difficult, at least, it would be risky in fact to hazard an opinion. The revolution we have laughed at so much, joked about so often, jeered at so many times . . . . "

* *The Spendthrifts*. By Pérez Galdós. Translated by Gamel Woolsey. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 12s. 6d.

And so on. Pez, the urbane centre of the bribery system, the system of influence and introductions on which the Spanish state was based—and still is—was soon back after the *coup d'état*. No Committee, not even a revolutionary one, could work without him and his enormous army of friends and relations. How else could the system of free railway passes, wholesale smuggling from France, and jobs for the needy, be managed? In the minor portraits, the children are excellent: they play their part, indeed the compositions of Galdós are orderly, despite touches of Dickensian extravagance.

There is a mildness in Galdós, in spite of the vigour of his mind, which brings the reader back to Mr. Brenan's remark on his lack of temperament. The historian broadens the note of the novelist who lacks the intellectual edge of the French novelists of the time or the English sense of theatre. There is a certain idleness in the Cervantesque irony, as if we were listening to the shrewd brain of a lazy mind. But to feel his full effect, it is necessary to see this novel in relation to others, to see it as a corner of his large, sad speculation on the Spanish predicament. There is no "Spanish soul" to compare with the "Russian soul," in the same kind of novel, nor does Galdós feel that he is making a natural history of human nature. Galdós is deep in Spanish egoism. But he was sufficiently a European to explore that; he wrote at the time of intellectual revival; he is free from that "typical" regionalism which travels so poorly in literature. He has the certainty, sharpness and power of the novelist who is saturated in his subject. If, as they say, everything in Spain is personal, then Galdós is the novelist of this kind of society which destroys every idea and issue by the thickly involved personal concern. In Galdós one is deeply involved in nineteenth-century Spain and *The Spendthrift* itself is one of his novels which seems to be about the present day.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SKY AT BIRMINGHAM

Under the conurbation of the clouds,
Uneasy crowds disperse within their separate
shrouds:
The naked trees retreat: the bright words fade
away: the day is ending
At its noon: we wonder, will the world end soon?

Surely the Asians have us, or the Martians will!
Masons down their little hammers: parsons
Draw their curtains, sink to startled prayer.

Our shocked Works hesitate: is it too late
to learn a lesson from the sky?
No pie lies there, no free estate awaits us:
only what we know already,
All worse, all ready, and all dark.

The sky's black country closes round us:
our foreheads wet—
With rain or sweat? Beneath those stern
celestial chimneys, no one speaks,
Until, "What weather!" cries an ancient shopper,
"What weather,
Lordy! Better none at all, than this!"

I tell her, hope that—with tomorrow—
land and sky will flower together.
She grunts politely, lurches on,
with tattered brolly and expiring torch.

D. J. ENRIGHT

ERVINE ON WILDE

Oscar Wilde. By ST. JOHN ERVINE. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s*.

It seems just possible Mr. Ervine changed his mind halfway through. I have the feeling, based it is true only on internal evidence, that in this book he set out to write simple denunciation and then got interested in his subject. Certainly the ungoverned fury of the earlier chapters, in their treatment of Wilde's father and mother, for instance, soon gives way to something calmer. If Mr. Ervine set out to put Wilde in his place, he has undertaken in the second half of his book the more delicate enterprise of trying to place a writer.

In this more exacting part Mr. Ervine has too little to say on the important questions of criticism. What happens when poetry becomes aestheticism? What happens to literary style when proverbs become epigrams? If we are to have "a present-time appraisal" of Wilde these must be key questions. "Eternity is in love with the productions of time": when Blake wrote this among his "Proverbs of Hell" he summarised more profoundly than Wilde ever did the first principles of Wildean aesthetics. When to this proverb he added two more, "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," and "If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise," Blake's process of thought was more intense than Wilde's, but still resembled it.

Blake was concerned with social and moral change. So in his way is Mr. Ervine. Indeed, when he comes to examine the ideas on social morality in Wilde's essays Mr. Ervine is, if anything, too receptive. Certainly he finds some admirable passages to quote. Here is an example from *The Critic as Artist*:

> Criticism will annihilate race-prejudice, by insisting upon the unity of the human mind in the variety of its forms. If we are tempted to make war upon another nation, we shall remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and possibly its most important element. As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular. . . .

A good passage though the descent into epigram is steep. Here are two more:

> It takes a thoroughly selfish age, like our own, to deify self-sacrifice.
>
> Self-denial is simply a method by which man arrests his progress.

In fact, the quotations read better out of context. There is a good deal of bad writing packed loosely round them. Still, Wilde was no fool, and the shrewdness of this thinking is not lost on Mr. Ervine. The remarkable personal judgments Mr. Ervine quotes of William Archer and Walt Whitman on Wilde were evidently well-based.

Wilde says somewhere, "It is so easy for people to have sympathy with suffering. It is so difficult for them to have sympathy with thought." But the significant part of his own case as a writer is the point where the expression of both the thought and the suffering breaks down, the point where the writing fails. And here we need criticism; moral indignation will get us nowhere. After a few self-destructive rages Mr. Ervine feels this, too, and settles down to a detailed analysis of the plays, an analysis in itself thorough enough to dispose of Mr. Ervine's claim that the plays have been grossly over-valued. For if that were so Mr. Ervine has been grossly wasting our time.

The analysis turns out to be unrewarding. Mr. Ervine spends far too much space on plot details, never Wilde's strong suit, and even these he does not always quote accurately. For instance, he pounces on a supposed discrepancy of two years in the career of Sir Robert Chiltern in *An Ideal Husband*, and demonstrates from this not only the breakdown of the plot but mental degeneracy in Wilde. (Did not Sir Edward Carson so significantly prove he always knocked two years off his age?) Alas, on closer inspection we find the mistake is Mr. Ervine's. But all this is neither criticism nor literary detection; and it misses the point. Plot details need not detain us. Wilde's work is flawed in two profounder ways. There is the failure in taste, the failure to control emotion in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, and *De Profundis*: and there is another kind of failure, Wilde's failure in all his plays but one to have the courage of his convictions and carry through his own art. Perhaps in the end they are one and the same—the failure to take Blake's advice. Take it on a technical level and we shall agree with Mr. Ervine that Lady Windermere's epigrams, though they summarise a situation prettily enough, are out of character. But criticism cannot stop here. Wilde was surely right in seeking to give form to Lady Windermere's speeches—indeed he was seeking a form for the modern prose comedy. The fault is not in the quest but in half-heartedly dropping it. There is not too much concern for form but too little. At the crucial moment the critical faculty wilts and we are fobbed off with the second best.

There are plenty of biographical reasons for this. There are also reasons in theatre history—beginning, if you like, with Sheridan's famous split career. In the work of art itself it adds up to failure in concentration, failure in intensity, failure in taste. Wilde's work is damned by his own standards. Somewhere the light touch loses touch with the critical faculty. This is something that happens in our society on a broader scale than one man's life. We see the same tradition on a lower level in our own day in, for instance, the work of Mr. Noel Coward, a failure of taste when a writer of light touch approaches emotion, till the light touch becomes as flat as the slap of a wet fish.

As I have hinted, Mr. Ervine has written two books rather than one. As well as the critique there is the jeremiad. Some of the jeremiad is very readable—and as unflinchingly irrelevant as its catalogue, covering several pages, of famous bastards. Mr. Ervine is fascinated—and who is not?—by the changing patterns of sex morality. He even looks forward to the restoration of older patterns.

> The concubine may yet become as honoured a member of the family as she was in the days of

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Sarah and Hagar and Abraham; and a naturally barren woman will find maternal satisfaction in tending children her husband has begotten on another woman's body.

Some of his appeals to moral authority are, to say the least, unexpected.

> The prostitutes and pimps who danced outside the Old Bailey when Wilde was sentenced, were no doubt displaying delight at the downfall of one whose habits threatened their livelihood and would, if such habits became common, compel them to take to honest toil, but they were also proving how affronted was their feeling that the way of a man with a maid is the right and natural way. . . . As they moved through their dreadful Bacchanalian dance that late Saturday afternoon at the end of May, 1895, they were, they would have been exceedingly surprised to learn, in fundamental accord with the Apostles and the Patriarchs.

Manifestly the cult of fertility can lapse into bad taste as easily as the cult of sterility. I daresay it happens in either case when the fool desists from his folly and appeals to respectable authority.

MONTAGU SLATER

SPLENDOURS AND MISERIES OF REASON

After All. The Autobiography of Norman Angell. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

"*Les imbéciles ont raison,*" are said to have been the dying words of Clemenceau, and Norman Angell admits that there have been hours when he has been inclined to echo the old rationalist Tiger. It is characteristic of Angell that he calls this attitude "foolish cynicism" and has never himself yielded to it. But it is worth while, in passing, to note the use of the word "cynicism," which, according to the dictionary, involves a sneer. There is wit and bitterness in Clemenceau's remark, but no sneer. One half or more of Angell is true blue British, and on this side of the Channel we are always inclined to think it foolish and cynical to state an unpleasant truth wittily.

If ever a man's career proved that "*les imbéciles ont raison,*" it is Angell's. He is the exact opposite of an "*imbécile.*" He is the most reasonable and reasoning of men. He is also one of those true blue English eccentrics who in all ages have been the salt of our society. His eccentricity comes out perpetually, in his becoming a cowboy, in his working for years for Northcliffe, in his living on a small island in the Blackwater Estuary. But above all it comes out in the fierce, unreasoning passion with which, under the gentlest and most respectable exterior, he relentlessly pursues reason. The story of his life, this ruthless quest of the Holy Grail on American ranches, on the *Daily Mail*, in the League of Nations Union, the House of Commons, and Northey Island, by a man who is a strange mixture of Don Quixote, Sir Galahad, and Robert Owen, is fascinating. He tells the story well, with great charm, modesty, and often humour, and the surface of the story, the many things which he has done—for he is a man of action—and all the famous and not so famous people whom he tells about should interest and amuse many readers.

But the kernel and crux of the story and of his life are below the surface, in the "*splendeurs et misères*" of reasonable men, in *The Great Illusion*. Before the 1914 war, long before nearly everyone else, Angell saw the meaning and nature of war in the modern world and what would happen to that world if a great war came to it. He wrote *The Great Illusion*, which was published in the year 1908. The thesis of this book was simple, namely, that war was inevitable if the governments of the Great Powers pursued in foreign affairs their policies of 1908 and that, if war came, it could only bring ruin to victors and vanquished alike. The quiet splendour of reason has never been achieved more brilliantly than in *The Great Illusion*. I can only repeat what I wrote about it a quarter of a century ago (I remember it only because Angell himself quotes it): "A masterpiece of political argument so cogent that if you do not agree with it there is nothing left for you to do but lose your temper." The book was a tremendous success; it became and remains a classic. But the misery of reason is that it seems to have no effect at all. Some of the clever imbeciles, like Chesterton and Belloc, lost their tempers and falsely accused Angell of being a stooge, a hireling, a few, and an "alien." The other imbeciles—thousands of them—informed the world that the book said exactly what it did not say, namely, that war was impossible in the modern world. Though its author has been trying ever since to show the world that he never said anything of the sort and that two wars have proved that what he did say was absolutely correct, the world ignores him. The world is convinced that Norman Angell in 1908 tried to prove that war is impossible. It is the imbeciles, you see, who have the last word.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE OBSTINATE ISLES

The Faber Book of Modern Verse. Edited by MICHAEL ROBERTS. A new edition revised by ANNE RIDLER. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Poems 1951: The Prize-winning Entries in the Festival of Britain Competition. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Faber Book of Modern Verse was first published in 1936. It went into 15 impressions in 12 years, and sold 40,000 copies. This is a solemn figure when you consider the usual sale today of an ordinary collection of poems. The book has had a very wide influence, and on the whole a very good one: it weaned the busiest poetry-writing and poetry-admiring generation of this century to the enjoyment of contemporary verse. By 1948, however, it had lost much of its up-to-date character; for instance, none of Eliot's *Quartets* was in it, David Gascoyne was represented by his Surrealist verse and Dylan Thomas by two poems from his first book, and there was nothing by Miss Sitwell from after 1930. Michael Roberts had planned to revise the book, but he left on record only a few fragmentary notes of his intentions. Mrs. Ridler took on a delicate and difficult task when she agreed to make the new edition, or rather to patch the old one. In her preface she remarks, very much to the point, that Roberts might well "have made a drastic reshaping such as no other hand has the liberty to attempt."

Mrs. Ridler had two jobs to do. She looked over those poets in the old book who continued to write after 1936, and substituted some of their later poems to complete the picture. The publishers did not provide any extra space for this. She was also allowed a supplement for additional poets. Knowing the old book well (as one of the weaned), I looked through the new one with great interest, poet by poet, in a library, and found it hard not to feel disappointed. Especially, I think it is a pity that nothing has been included from Yeats's *Last Poems*, and that none of Pound's recent work was chosen. To quibble about the omission of particular poems is less fair, but I was sorry not to find William Empson's *Aubade* (instead of, say, a couple of those riddling early poems), or Dylan Thomas's *The Conversation of Prayers* (instead of his *Should Lanterns Shine*) or Allen Tate's *The Eye* (instead of *The Trout Map*). The new poets were allotted seventy-odd pages, which Mrs. Ridler distributed among 24 of them—too many. She has left out Hamish Henderson: he and W. S. Graham, who is included, are the liveliest of the British poets under 35. She has missed the chance to put in Norman Cameron: the continued neglect of this excellent poet is a mystery. Surely to print Henry Reed's *Judging Distances* instead of his *Naming of Parts* is perverse, and Mrs. Ridler could have done much better by W. R. Rodgers, Alun Lewis and F. T. Prince. A selection from Vernon Watkins ought to include *Atlas on Grass*. The younger American poets are not brought in at all: Mrs. Ridler says that she could not have done them justice in the space: in fact, room could easily have been made for Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro and Theodore Roethke. Not many good new poets have come forward in the last 15 years, and they all deserve the very wide hearing this book can command.

The poets may as well get this hearing, if it is still to be got, but the means of the getting has its melancholy side. The case against anthologies was put a number of years ago, very strongly, by Laura Riding and Robert Graves. Their contention was that even the best anthology (unless it is simply a rescue job) encourages a kind of short-circuiting of the relation between a poet's work and its possible public. What worried them was chiefly that the influential anthologists were setting limits in a general way to the kinds of poem it was worth a poet's while to write; that is, they preferred to print short poems or extracts from longer ones, or poems with a definite and limited subject, or an obvious dramatic shape, or a rousing ending. Of course this does not really apply, not crassly anyhow, to *The Faber Book of Modern Verse*. Miss Riding and Mr. Graves left a loophole in their strictures for the "critical" anthology; Roberts's book is plainly one of these, and they allowed him to print their own verse in it. But the most benevolent despot is a tyrant, and it would be a very complicated task to estimate the precise effect *The Faber Book* has had on the public appreciation of the poets, particularly the lesser known poets, represented in it. The book was made by a man who knew his own mind: it propounds a firm orthodoxy, and it has definitely limited the ways in which it is possible at present to set about writing a poem. I am not saying that this is not a good thing.

Probably this seems a fussy way in which to approach an obviously valuable book, and it would be wrong to leave it on this quarrelsome

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note. Mrs. Ridler has done a decent job on difficult ground: the impossibilities were mostly foisted on her by the publishers. Happily, Roberts's long introduction has been kept, and three of his own poems are now included—they are among the best in the new section. Michael Roberts was a man who served poetry as well as anybody in his time, and his book now constitutes a pleasant and permanent tribute to that fact.

Poems 1951 is a collection of the prize-winning entries in the Festival of Britain poetry competition. The judges awarded prizes to three long poems and five groups of short poems. Curiously, none of the poets who won is in *The Faber Book*, and it seems possible that people whose taste has been formed by it may feel a prejudice against these poets. That would be a pity; of the eight, only two are not readable, and one, Robert Conquest, is a poet of considerable talent. Mr. John Hayward (who was one of the judges) begins his introduction by saying, "This volume is the result of an experiment which, if continued, might do much to further the cause of English poetry." This idea of English poetry as a *cause* is very common at the present time. Mr. Eliot once pointed out that no one would attach himself to the universe if he could find anything better: in the same way, surely no sensible person in need of a cause to serve would choose this one. Laura Riding and Robert Graves ended their anthology pamphlet with a heartfelt plea that contemporary people would leave contemporary poetry alone. Really, that would be the best thing.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

NEW LIGHT ON MRS. JORDAN

Mrs. Jordan and Her Family. Edited by A. C. ASPINALL. *Arthur Barker.* 30s.

In the late eighteenth century there was nothing disgraceful in a Royal Duke proposing to set up house in open sin with an actress: the public was well attuned to such proceedings. So, in November, 1791, when Mrs. Jordan transferred herself from the protection of Richard Ford, a mere Member of Parliament, to that of the Duke of Clarence, third son of King George III, what vocal objection there was came from the pit and gallery of Drury Lane, who resented the possibility of a royal lover's demands interfering with her stage performances. A few newspapers protested on moral grounds, but under a misapprehension: it was thought that she had deserted her three illegitimate children. As soon as it was known that she had made proper provision for them the press was placated. Moreover, the sin was less than it sounded. Although the actress called herself Mrs. Jordan, no Mr. Jordan had ever existed. The Duke of Clarence may have been partial to fornication, but he was a stickler when it came to adultery, a subject on which he once delivered a severe lecture to the House of Lords in his best turkey-cock style.

The most notable features of this irregular union were that it lasted in perfect harmony for twenty years (during which Mrs. Jordan gave birth to ten more bastard children) and that it ended amicably. In our own enlightened century, however, the model menage, and particularly the Duke of Clarence's share in it, has come in for criticism. Mrs. Clare Jerrold in her *Story of Dorothy Jordan* denounced the Duke as a sponger for living on his mistress's theatrical earnings. And that accusation, hitherto uncontradicted, has gained wide acceptance. According to Professor Aspinall, however, the volume of family letters which he now publishes, refutes the charge.

These previously unpublished letters have been assembled from various sources, the principal collection being at the Huntington Library in California. They are a heterogeneous lot. The bulk of Mrs. Jordan's correspondence with her Royal lover was written during the latter part of their liaison, when she was touring provincial theatres in England, Scotland and Ireland. Apart from the constant references to financial transactions, these letters are mainly of theatrical interest. Most of the Duke's letters to her seem to have been lost or destroyed, but Professor Aspinall has found a few survivors, which evince the warmth of his attachment couched in somewhat formal language. For the Hanoverian style in all its splendour one must turn to the Duke's letters to Lady De Crespigny, when at the age of 47 he was leaving Mrs. Jordan in will o' the wisp pursuit of a young lady with £40,000 a year: these are sublime compositions of blind egotism, absurd vanity and crass stupidity. In addition, Professor Aspinall prints a series of affectionate letters from Mrs. Jordan and the Duke to their eldest son, George FitzClarence; some instructive correspondence with lawyers and bankers; and a few other odd items.

As for Professor Aspinall's claim that the facts, as now revealed, exonerate the Duke from using sexual intercourse as an excuse for sponging, at first glance the evidence appears to corroborate Mrs. Jerrold. It is true that the Professor has unearthed ban't ledgers to prove that the Duke paid his mistress 800 guineas a year for her services from 1791 to 1811, the date of the rupture; and thereafter a regular pension of 2,000 guineas a year until her death in 1816. But what are 800 guineas a year against the £4,200 which Mrs. Jordan paid over to the Duke out of her stage earnings in the year 1797 alone? And what is one to make of the Duke's proud boast to his bankers in the same year: "Mrs. Jordan never has been to me the least cause of expense"? Year in, year out, the poor woman was kept toiling at her art, skipping about the stage dressed as a boy, hurting herself in the rough and tumble of farces, and more than half the time pregnant. When she was not bearing the Duke children (and she only allowed herself 3 months off the stage for each child) she was earning him money. Tucked away in one of her letters to him was recently found a pitiful Bank of England £2 note, which the Duke had stupidly failed to extract 150 years ago—surely clinching testimony of her self-sacrifice and his avarice!

And yet I believe Professor Aspinall to be perfectly right. Mrs. Jerrold with her feminist bias misjudged the past by applying present-day standards. If no one since the French Revolution has ever known *la douceur de vivre*, no one since the palmy days of the Regency has ever known *debt*. How they got into it is a mystery. Presumably every tradesman worked a profitable side-line in money lending. But there they all were, from the age of 21, up to the ears in it, crippled by it, utterly submerged in it, and perpetually trying to crawl out of it like wasps out of jam. Mrs. Jordan earned more than £100,000 during her career as a comic actress, but she died insolvent. The more you had, the more you owed apparently: the Regent himself ran into debt to the tune of £100,000 a year. Life in those days was nothing but a rear-guard action against creditors.

"Money, money, cruel money," Dorothy Jordan sighed, was the cause of the couple's parting, as it had been the bugbear of their domestic happiness. They were devoted to their children, and well suited to each other, but the Duke needed more than Mrs. Jordan's £4,000 a year of box-office receipts to stave off bankruptcy, so he had to go chasing Miss Long's £40,000. But until their defences finally crumbled, Professor Aspinall's evidence shows that they cheerfully shared a common purse and fought their rearguard action shoulder to shoulder.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Ensure obtaining your copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by placing a definite order with your newsagent or becoming a direct postal subscriber. Full particulars on page 717

NEW SHORT STORIES.

The Grass God. By H. E. BATES. **Episode at Gastein.** By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Cornhill Supplement.* 2s. 6d.

A Single Lady and other Stories. By MARY LAVIN. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

A Saint in the Making. By WILLIAM GOLDMAN. *Constellation Books.* 9s. 6d.

Hands to Dance. By CHARLES CAUSLEY. *Carroll & Nicholson.* 10s. 6d.

The *Cornhill* has been unfortunate in its first special number and the impressiveness of what at first sight seems a top-line "double-bill" hardly survives the title-page. Both authors, despite their skill and virtuosity, have produced only vivid exercises on trivial themes. Though Mr. Bates fails more completely than Mr. Sansom, they are involved together in what must, I fear, be the common refrain of this article—namely, the Decline of the Short Story.

Mr. Bates was always an evocative rather than a taut or astringent writer, but for a long time now his work has burgeoned with a new and dangerous exuberance. He would appear to have lost that distinctive candour, the art of an innocent eye, which once served him so well and which made *The Poacher* and stories like *The House with the Apricot* so moving. Reading his earlier books, one felt they were the work of a man who was seeing everything in nature for the first time. His corn, like Traherne's, "was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown." Instead of evoking his landscapes and peopling them with figures to correspond, the author now appears to rely on the naked shock of words and imagery to stun or hustle the reader into accepting his universe. In the event the result is disappointing.

The Grass God is about a middle-aged landowner whose love affair with a strange casually met girl lasts through one golden summer. Fitzgerald, despite his great possessions, is a dull enough country magnate, plagued by a jealous wife. His one passion in life is to make the grass on his estate greener. Held in thrall by his acres, he exists in a world of fertilizers, Sandgate beds and drainage, broken only by constant marital bickering, querulous nagging at the "new order" and nostalgia for the "twelve gardeners, with a number of apprentice boys" who once "raised delicious things in the old walled gardens and hot-houses sheltered from cold winds by Atlantic cedars." Into this lost lush-green paradise there comes, one spring evening, a young woman. The chance encounter between Fitzgerald and Cordelia results in an even more haphazard love affair. Then, at the first leaf of autumn and just as Fitzgerald has worked his wife round to considering a divorce, the young woman goes off, leaving him with a broken heart amid a dying landscape. The effect of the story is to leave the reader feeling bewildered and cheated in mid-air. One is moved by the scenery and the long green summer and never once by Fitzgerald himself.

Episode at Gastein is, on the surface at least, a shade more complicated. The time is the present, the place a small mineral spa in Karinthia. Herr Ludwig de Broda, 40, of independent means, is indulging his usual holiday pastime of recapturing the Hapsburgs. Here, he sighs as he threads his way among the mountain paths and craggy waterfalls, is where Franz Josef's carriage waited, this is where Bismarck stood and smoked his big cigars. But de Broda also wants to get married and when he meets Fraulein Laure he believes he has found the woman he is looking for. Laure is young, pretty and gay and works in a shop in Vienna. Though she is not interested in Franz Josef, they appear to get on well. Ludwig's self-conscious perfectionism prevents his proposing at the psychological moment and the girl goes off with a young skier. The story ends with Ludwig lying in his bath with a razor blade in each hand, prepared (and yet failing) to make a Roman end of it all.

He stretched out his hands, turned the right wrist inwards, held his breath and waited.

Waited for what?
A word of command.
From whom?

For the first time he realized that it must come from himself and no one else: he was absolutely alone with his own will.

An excellent situation. Unfortunately, Mr. Sansom has not led up to it with anything like the required manner. The self-indulgent self-pitying Ludwig with his romantic snobberies and old-world approach is not really a figure of comic pathos. Like Mr. Bates's Fitzgerald, he is just a middle-aged bore. What ought to have been diluted Turgenev has turned into something nasty that the authoress of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* saw in the woodshed.

I think the reason for this lies in Mr. Sansom's changed style. He is naturally a complicated, almost a tesselated writer, but he has been told so often and so authoritatively to cut out the trimmings that he has grown to believe an act of butchery to be the essential prelude to his getting on good terms with the common reader. All through the admirable descriptive passages in this story one can feel the bit between Mr. Sansom's teeth. Perhaps just one more paragraph, another three sentences—but no, the stylistic censor jerks him back to mundane magazine storytelling. His gifts lie in quite another direction and in hoisting the Somerset Maugham standard, he is flying under false colours.

Miss Lavin and Mr. Goldman go their different ways with accustomed and average success. The first, brooding on life with gentle Irish melancholy tells her stories, as it were, from before the peat fire. The blue smoke curls lazily up around her spinsters, widows, and young seminarists as, in a kind of sing-song half dialect, they keen their way through the tragedies of the long long ago. The effect, except when an occasional shower of sparks announces some flickering of unobtrusive violence, is pleasing but a trifle soporific. Mr. Goldman has never written better than in his first book, *East End My Cradle*, but in a story like *A Youthful Idyll* he can still achieve almost unbearable poignancy. When he deserts the first person he is apt to go to pieces and at least one of the stories in this volume is little more than wartime reportage.

Mr. Causley is a newcomer who goes to the top of his own class at once. Though a few of these stories are set in the West Country, most of them are concerned with wartime life in the Navy. They combine wit, tough vitality and a slangy independence of current literary conventions with a flair for the knockout ending. Some of them, such as *Mrs. Lisboa*, have a grisly Grand Guignol quality. O. Henry would not have disowned *Jonny and the Whale* or *A Night at the Opera* while *A Night in Aleck* would have delighted Wilkie Collins. In his most ambitious story, Mr. Causley shows signs of outgrowing his comic P.O.s and Leading Stokers and achieving real characterisation. I hope that his great talents as a humorist will not deflect him from the path of writing proper.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

Paloma. By Mrs. ROBERT HENREY. *Dent.* 15s.

Everywhere there are the oddest private circles. Spiritualists meet over a grocer's shop, Stonehenge has its devotees on a particular morning, a house in Kensington is inhabited by bridge-players, and at another in Westminster gentlemen put on hats when they wish to speak: no less fascinating and strange is the "open-air drawing-room" of the Green Park revealed by the introductory pages of *Paloma*. Thither, in the fateful summer of 1944, come the women with knitting or a book, with dogs, with (we gather from Mrs. Robert Henrey) money and themselves—oh, themselves!—to talk about. They seem at first frankly idiotic: the writer's approach baffles by its seeming complicity. Such chatter, so serious a charm! Among the Anglo-French ladies who put their heads together under the trees an

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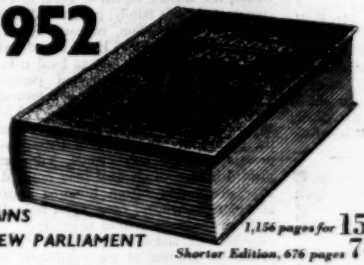
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extravagant figure quickly detaches itself: ageless, omnigerent, and by turns harsh and winning. The writer is attracted, and if her story be true (as it has every appearance of being), not only as a writer but as a friend.

Paloma herself is strikingly introduced to us. A Paloma legend is built up. Burgundian peasant, Gaiety girl, society queen, and now rich eccentric widow, she grows bit by bit as her story leaks, or rather gushes, out; and resist her though we may, Mrs. Henrey establishes her. Is she more a character in a novel or a real person? Do we look back to the Edwardian frontispiece to check up on descriptions or to query the whole thing? Have the conversations, so well managed, done the trick, or given away the game? This equivocation gives us an added suspense; the old lady returns to her Burgundy; she is visited; she dies; her funeral and her relatives perpetuate the memory; and Mrs. Henrey has, brilliantly, kept it up. Legend has been proved, almost, to be fact. A note on the reverse of the dedication page informs us that the tomb will be found on the hill above Saulieu (Côte d'Or).

A White Boat from England. By GEORGE MILLAR. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

This is the story of a voyage George Millar and his wife made in *Serica*—"an exceptionally fast sixteen-ton sloop"—from the Solent via Brittany, the Bay of Biscay and Gibraltar to the Mediterranean. Not a very remarkable adventure for a man whose recent past includes one of the most daring of all wartime escapes and service in the Maquis? But George Millar has the gift of sharing his experiences, and by his own account this voyage tested his capacity as a comparatively inexperienced sailor to the utmost. He encountered, even in this well-travelled route, excitements, frustrations, triumphs and threats of sudden death, which readers with even a trace of the sea in their veins will follow with emotion only just removed from first-hand. The narrative is crisp, factual, and austere, so that the colours, sparingly used, are seen to the greatest effect.

Nobody need be deterred from reading this magnificent travel-book by the fear that Mr. Millar is too technical or writes down to his less adventurous reader. Here is his philosophy of sailing taken from the very first page: "After taking all reasonable precautions to see that hull, gear, sails, and crew are sound, I fling myself (and my wife) on the waters. Then we pick up the remains. The process is wonderfully stimulating. The sea has really been very decent to us, and I like its smell, its unreliability, and its capacity for making the delights of land seem desirable beyond the dreams of Alcibiades."

Greeks and Trojans. By REX WARNER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Mr. Warner goes one stage farther than Mr. E. V. Rieu went in his Penguin translation of the *Iliad*: he re-tells in his own way and his own words the whole narrative of the Trojan war. Homer began in the middle of things, Mr. Warner begins with the early history of Troy and pauses to recount in full the Judgment of Paris, and Leda and the Swan. Homer ended tragically with the funeral of Hector. Mr. Warner ends hopefully with the departure of Aeneas on his quest for the new city. The recital last year of many short classical legends in *Men and Gods* proved Mr. Warner to be quite the equal of his benevolent forbear, Hawthorne. This new book puts him in a different class, for it represents a much more difficult task still brilliantly executed. The ancient epic matter retains here something of its power, while on it has been imposed a more readily appreciated consecutiveness. And Mr. Warner's prose with its simplicity, dignity and faultless balance is to-day quite remarkable. He may well have had children in mind when he undertook this work, but his respect for Homer, on the one side, and their intelligence, on the other, is such that he has produced a volume of the widest interest.

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FOW

A Woman Surgeon. By LOUISA MARTINDALE. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

At the present time a woman surgeon is not such a rare bird that her life is necessarily worth recording, but Dr. Martindale's career began in pioneering days and fully justifies this unpretentious and agreeably-written autobiography. She learnt her trade as radiologist and gynaecologist in the legendary medical schools of Germany and Austria of forty years ago, and she knew general practice in the slums of Hull when major surgery was done in back bedrooms. Her medical career had been chosen for her by a feminist mother of a rare Victorian vintage, whose lively personality dominates the book as it dominated the lives of her distinguished daughters (Louisa's sister was Hilda Martindale, former head of the Women's section of the Treasury). When the ambition to become a gynaecological surgeon seemed to be completely blocked, her mother and her friends found the answer by raising funds to establish a new hospital at Brighton staffed wholly by women. There Dr. Martindale built up a fine professional reputation, greatly enhanced by her remarkable pioneer work in the radiological treatment of women's diseases. Later she took a prominent part in the foundation of the Marie Curie Hospital for the treatment of cancer, one of the finest contributions of medical women to the relief of suffering.

It would be unfair to give the impression that the interest of Dr. Martindale's book is wholly professional. It reveals a keen enjoyment in people and places and a delightfully sincere personality. As a piece of social history the book would have been more valuable if it contained more dates.

Lost City of the Incas. By HIRAM BINGHAM. *Phoenix House.* 21*s.*

Lost City of the Incas tells the story of what must be one of the most romantic archaeological discoveries of modern times. When the Spaniards occupied Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru, in 1533, the Inca emperor with his family, priests and Chosen Women or Virgins of the Sun, retreated to an inaccessible region of the Andes. Here the dynasty survived forty years, ruling the savage local tribes, protected from invasion by snowbound passes, precipices smothered in tropical forest, and formidable ravines spanned only by suspension bridges. A few emissaries and humbly heroic missionaries succeeded in entering the principality, but none of these was allowed to penetrate to the holy capital, Vilcapampa. It remained hidden to civilised man until Mr. Bingham, after discovering fifteen hundred square miles of unexplored territory, came upon it in 1911.

To record in one volume an enterprise so geographically intricate, and at the same time to give the general reader an account of the civilisation of the Incas and the history of their last four emperors, is a task which the author probably underrated. Some of his narrative appears as chaotic as the mountainous jungles through which he fought his way. But few can fail to share his enthusiasm for his subject, and his excitement in his final discovery of the secret city, a ruined Lhasa of the Andes, its stairways, terraces, palaces and temples of gigantic white granite blocks stacked against the stupendous peak of Machu Picchu.

Painting Out Illness. By ADRIAN HILL. *Williams & Norgate.* 15*s.*

In this book Adrian Hill continues with the story and the theories, begun in *Art Against Illness*, of Art Therapy: the idea, to which he has now converted the medical profession, that hospital patients who have to lie in bed bored and visually starved for months on end, can derive comfort and benefit from painting their own pictures. The book is divided into three sections and contains 20 reproductions. The first deals with the story of how the author spread the idea from the sanatorium where he himself was once a patient; the second, addressed to the teacher or the patient himself, explains how a beginner can approach some of the technical problems involved and how he can overcome his shyness of a clean white sheet of paper; the third, a series of case-histories of Hill's own "pupils," indicates some of the psychological complications of the process.

It is as simple book—there are no clever analyses—but it is as sensible as one would expect it to be written by a man who is himself a painter and who was only able to get his original experiment accepted because he proved, in a quite straightforward way, that it worked. He avoids making aesthetic claims for things which belong to life rather than to art. He understands that primitive innocence is not always satisfying to the painter himself and that questions about perspective and anatomy must be answered. Above all, he realises that the job of teaching, cajoling, encouraging, demonstrating and listening to patient-pupils is an exhausting and imaginative one.

San Quentin. The Story of a Prison. By CLINTON T. DUFFY. *Peter Davies.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Unhampered by reticence, tact, modesty, or (apparently) any kind of official censorship, the Warden of San Quentin Prison, California, offers here an astonishing story—by turns appalling, thrilling, puzzling, and cloying. It is a shock to learn what the state of the prison was under the brutal régime of Mr. Duffy's predecessor in 1938—a man, it seems, to whom penology meant strait-jackets, whips, rubber hoses, gun-towers, and unlighted dungeons. It is incredible that there should still be men in the cells on "condemned row"—perhaps 20 at a time—awaiting execution for years on end, while a dozen reprieves jerk them to and from the door of the prison's nice new hygienic gas-chamber. It is in tone with all this that a condemned man may choose any five friends from outside to watch his execution; that when he goes mad he must be reprieved and discharged, only to be brought back and gassed if he ever recovers his sanity; that 12,000 dollars' worth of counterfeit notes were recently made in the prison and smuggled into circulation outside; that the prisoners can get so dangerously drunk on the liquor they make from stolen sugar, raisins, candy, fruit juice and wood alcohol that San Quentin has a 200-strong branch of Alcoholics Anonymous; that the men have bought 600,000 dollars' worth of war bonds with the proceeds of elaborate prison handicrafts—allowing for pilferage on the part of respectable visitors examining their work; and that the San Quentin Concert Party, composed mainly of "lifers," broadcast for two years on the Mutual Coast-to-Coast "hook-up" and brought in 50,000 fan letters a month. After that you will be ready to believe anything, but you may be in the wrong mood to perceive the magnitude of Mr. Duffy's reformative achievements in the face of bitter hostility from most of those above and all of those below him in the prison service.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,138

Set by John Roberts

"The Four Powers this morning signed a drift agreement"—so we read. The usual prizes are offered for an invented news paragraph of 150 words containing three examples of printer's errors with a bite. (Competitors are reminded that there are laws of libel and obscenity.) Entries by December 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,135

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for a fairy story, set in contemporary London, Edinburgh, Dublin and Cardiff. Limit 200 words.

Report by Richard Lister

A maddening misprint of " and " for " or " might have ruined this competition. But only a very small minority failed to realise it and the sense of the meeting was overwhelmingly in favour of reading " or." I willingly concurred, as otherwise there would have been too few to choose from. As it was there was richness, and competitors caught just the spirit I intended of which this, the best opening of all, by Doris Elles was typical :

One winter's night a princely youth lay weeping in Bethnal Green. He had been a carefree Child Delinquent, but now a wicked Borstal superintendant had turned him into a Better Boy.

E. G. Yorath introduced us to an unreformed delinquent ingeniously called Peter Deadpan and A. B. Goydor opened arrestingly : " Don't worry," said the bassoon player. " Here in Dublin the fairies look after the flautists " and E. F. Hall was intriguing :

" I want a fairy," she said. " Have you a licence?" said the man. " No," snapped Ada in her practical way, " have you ? " " Come to think of it, no. But I've a nearly-done-for one won't need a licence."

Amelia Postlethwaite (whose writing betrayed a practised hand) used the slang gloss on the operative word : " There in the refreshment tent, when the bell for half-time went, he left me with my soda water and went off with a scrum three-quarter " (whatever that may be). Other runners-up were Frank Dunhill, Margaret Martin, Anne Kelly. The prize is equally distributed between the six printed.

Once upon a time, three brothers, all bus conductors on the same route, set out to make their fortunes. As the eldest brother's bus drove towards a request stop in the Strand, a bent old man imploringly held up his hand. The eldest brother exchanged a contemptuous glance with his driver and the bus drove on. Soon the second brother came the same way in *his* bus. Again the old man held up his hand. But the second brother laughed haughtily and the bus did not stop. Not long afterwards the youngest brother's bus came into view, and for the third time the old man stretched out a trembling hand. The youngest brother felt very sorry for him and rang his bell. The bus stopped and the old man jumped on. Once he was aboard he straightened his back and tore off the white wig he was wearing. " I am an inspector and I am going to take your number for allowing me to stand between the hours of two p.m. and four p.m.," he cried.

So, while his brothers became inspectors themselves, the youngest brother was reduced to a washer-down in the garage and would have sunk even lower had it not been for full employment.

The moral is that you'd better not trust to being a youngest brother nowadays. EDWARD BLISHEN

Once upon a time there was a greedy Dwarf named George who went into a restaurant and said, " I'll have Roast Turkey." But the waiter replied, " Roast Turkey is off, Sir ; only hash." " Then I'm off, too," snapped George ; and he stamped out of the restaurant straight into a Wicked Fairy, who said, " If you want Roast Turkey you must go to Dublin, or Cardiff, or Edinburgh."

So George walked to Dublin, and ordered Roast Turkey. But the waiter said, " Sorra a piece of Roast Turkey do we have to-day, Sorr. Will you be after ordering hash ? " " I will not," says George, and journeyed back to Cardiff. " Look you," said the waiter there, " we have no Roast Turkey, man, but we have some beautiful hash, is it ? " " No," said George, " it isn't." And off he limped to Edinburgh.

" Didna ye ken," exclaimed the Edinburgh waiter, " it's haggis or naethin' here ?" " I didna," groaned George.

Hungry and exhausted, he took a train back to London. His journey left him just enough money to buy some hash.

" I'll have that hash after all," he said to the waiter. But the waiter replied, " Sorry, Sir ; hash is off. Only Roast Turkey to-day." G. J. BLUNDELL

Once upon a time there was a Spiv called Alf. A Regular Guy who generously helped London Transport to support its "Tube " walls. One day he saw a Poor Old Woman trying to cross the road, and, as he was going to see Joe the " Barrer," Alf helped her across. " You kind man," she said when they got to the other side, " I will give you three wishes," and hobbled into the nearest Woolworths. " Balmy," muttered Alf shrugging his wide shoulders. Joe's suggestion for the 3.30 led to a bit of an argument, and Alf said hastily, " I wish yer blooming barrer would fall t'bits." Which it did ; the Policeman went raving mad because the fruit mucked up the road. When Alf stopped running, he had a big think, and then, being smart and simple, murmured, " I wish I had all the Nylons in the World." Before he could say " Damon Runyon " millions of Nylons, and most of the Women in the nighbourhood, fell on him. " Blimey, I wish I'd never met the old geezer," he shouted, and there he was, leaning again on his favourite part of the wall of the "Tube." C. B. J. FELTHAM

Once there was a little man called Johnny Citizen who worked in a big office in the City. He lived, as anyone familiar with Uncle Noël Coward's Fairy Tales knows, in Clapham Common, with his little woman, Mary Citizen, in one room in his cruel stepmother-in-law's house. Every week Mary went to see the Council Elves weaving their long housing lists for the ogre, Giant Labour. And every week Johnny went down to the magic Little Wood Pool and sang :

" Treble chance or Four Away,
Make me rich next Saturday."

Now one day while Johnny was at work a fairy flew in and said :

" I am Fairy Enterprise,
Private as can be.
Houses mushroom-like will rise,
Only vote for me."

So Johnny went to the Poll, which was like the Pool except that you only put one X and no 1s or 2s. Next day, Fairy Enterprise slew Giant Labour and Set The People Free.

And in no time, 300,000 houses sprang up, just as the Fairy had said. Johnny and Mary bought a bright new house specially built by Fairy Enterprise. Because the Pool had granted Johnny's wish and given him £100,000 so he could just afford it.

And they lived, etc. . . . D. R. PEDDY

There was once a poor stock-jobber and his wife who had two children, called Dick and Anastasia.

One day their mother packed them a basket of good things and said : " Because you have been kind and helped your father to job stock you may go to-day into the city. But remember," she warned them, " do not pass through the Great Turnstile."

Sad to say, Dick and Anastasia did not heed their mother. As soon as they reached the city they pushed open the Great Turnstile and found themselves in a

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Company Meeting

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

RECORD YEAR ON ALL FRONTS

At the 32nd annual general meeting of Tube Investments Limited, at Birmingham, on 12th December, Mr. Ivan Stedeford (Chairman) reported another record year in production, sales, exports, productivity and profits. Had there been adequate supplies of materials, he said, the results would have been better still, for few T.I. factories could work to full capacity, but the volume of output, and direct export sales at over £17 millions, were respectively 50 per cent and 100 per cent greater than they had been four years ago.

Although trading profits at £7,776,733 had increased by nearly £1½ millions, the cost of financing the company's increased turnover and developments, supply difficulties, the weight and nature of taxation, and the present Chancellor's appeal regarding dividends, had decided the Board to recommend the same dividend as last year's. He hoped that more propitious circumstances would in due course enable them to redress this position.

Each of the five Divisions had contributed to the results, but all were suffering increasingly the effects of material shortages. It was unlikely that sufficient aluminium would be made available in 1952 to operate economically the large new rolling mills in South Wales. Exports of cycles were up 25 per cent, sales in the U.S. having increased sixfold, but material supplies might seriously affect prospects against growing German and Japanese competition.

T.I.'s precision tubes were being increasingly integrated as components of other companies' products, which enhanced steel conversion values, but the Division was faced with a grave situation owing to the shut-down of tube steel imports. Output was being maintained at a reduced level by consuming stocks at a critical rate. Official assurances had been given that this position would largely be corrected, and urgent negotiations had been undertaken for a resumption of imports, but so far news of supplies to make good anything like the deficiencies was lacking. He was confident that British steel-makers, in acceptance of their responsibilities to tube-makers and the industries they served, would see to it that tube steel featured more prominently in future production plans. The General Engineering and Electrical Divisions had done well in spite of supply difficulties.

GOOD PROGRESS OVERSEAS

Overseas investments in funds, skill and effort were showing a promising return. Standard Tube & T.I., Ltd., of Canada, was progressing rapidly, with fine results, and plans for extending its scope were in hand. Hercules & Phillips Cycles (South Africa) had completed a good first year's full trading; it was hoped that the new South African electrical equipment works would shortly be in production. The factory of T.I. Cycles of India Ltd. was opened two months ago, and it had been decided to build a second factory for the manufacture of cycle components. Encouraging preliminary talks had been held with Messrs. Tata Ltd. with a view to collaboration in the manufacture of electrically welded precision mechanical and pressure tubes in India, and T.I. had acquired the well-founded Calcutta trading firm of Roberts McLean & Company.

The £10 millions home development programme was going forward satisfactorily, and it would become effective by stages over the next few years. T.I. had recently acquired the New Conveyor Company, Ltd., of Smethwick, long-established leaders in the design, layout and manufacture of mechanical handling equipment. Further progress had been made in increasing productivity by redeployment of men and machines, together with incentive schemes. The avoidance of accidents was proving to be an important means of meeting manpower shortage. T.I. safety measures now offered one average works employee an immunity from accidents for 39 years instead of about half that period; in terms of additional production this was equivalent to the output of a factory employing 100 adults working full time.

Concluding, Mr. Stedeford said that familiar fiscal remedies against " too much money chasing too few goods " were not effective against the present type of inflation. This was a cost inflation caused by prices, wages and costs chasing each other up an alarming spiral, and vigorously stimulated by basic wages being linked with the cost of living without regard to production. Much greater output at lower costs was required, but the experience of the past eighteen months showed again the great need of a sustained effort to get international co-operation for agreed economic policies.

The report and accounts were adopted and the dividend approved.

strange country which, you must know, is peopled by the Progs.

The first person they met was a little man dressed all in pink.

"Good morning," said the little man, in the language of that country. "Are you skg an intg posn sal immat if prog and cult atmos?"

Dick knew at once he was a wizard, so he recited a spell which his father had taught him:

"Spectator and Economist
The Turnstile shall unhinge, I wist."

In a twinkling the little man was gone and the children were outside their own house again.

Their mother smiled when they told of their adventure. "You've been dreaming, dears," she said.

But Dick and Anastasia knew better.

COLIN WATSON

It was the evening rush-hour. As the tired-looking, middle-aged typist struggled into the crowded carriage of the Underground train every man who was seated rose with a pleasant smile to offer her his seat and the old gentleman who was smoking a particularly nauseous pipe said courteously, "Madam, do you object to smoking?" "CATSEYE"

CHESS : Posthumous Glory

No. 115

When last year I paid a modest tribute to the memory of F. D. Yates I was well aware that the same was due to that even greater British master of the recent past, J. H. Blackburne. He certainly received a modicum of acclamation during his lifetime, but it is news to me that he actually was the most consistently successful master of his time. This information appears in a most interesting article published in "Caissa" by Fritz Sämisch; he went to the trouble of listing the 24 tournaments held between 1867 and 1899, which can truly rank as important because more than half of the competition was international. Allowing 3 points for a 1st prize in one of these tournaments, 2 points for the 2nd and 1 point for the 3rd, Sämisch's list is headed by Blackburne, who scored 18 in his 10 successes achieved between Baden-Baden 1870 and Berlin 1897. Next in the list are Tarrasch with 15 out of 6, Steinitz with 13 out of 6, Lasker with 12 out of 5, Winaver with 11 out of 6, Pillsbury with 10 out of 6, Tchigorin with 9 out of 4, and Zuckertort with 8 out of 3. As for Blackburne, his greatest success was his 1st at Berlin 1881 (3 points ahead of Zuckertort); true enough, most of his other successes were third and second prizes (or a share of them), but those he got quite consistently. Yet it was in one of the tournaments in which he failed to qualify (New York 1889) that, playing Black against Burn, he achieved one of his most scintillating games—and there are certainly enough of these to choose from.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(17)	B-Kt2	R-K2
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(18)	Q-Q3	QR-K1
(3)	B-Kt5	Kt-B3	(19)	B-Q2	Kt-Kt5
(4)	O-O	P-Q3	(20)	P-B3	Kt-K4
(5)	P-Q4	P x P	(21)	Q-B1	P-Q4!
(6)	Kt x P	B-Q2	(22)	QR-Q1	P x P!!
(7)	Kt-QB3	B-K2	(23)	B x P	P x P!!
(8)	B-K3	O-O	(24)	B-R1	Kt-Q6!!
(9)	B-K2	R-K1	(25)	R x R	B-Q5 ch
(10)	B-B3?	B-KB1	(26)	B-K3	R x R
(11)	B-Kt5	P-KR3	(27)	Q x Kt	R x B
(12)	B-B1?	P-KKt4	(28)	Q x B	R-K8 ch!
(13)	P-KKt3	Kt x Kt	(29)	K-B2	Q x Q ch
(14)	Q x Kt	B-Kt2	(30)	R x Q	R x B
(15)	Q-Q1	B-B3	(31)	R-KR4	R-B8
(16)	R-K1	Q-Q2	(32)	Kt-K4	R x P ch, etc.

A: Blackburne 1863

B: Blackburne 1874

No space for annotation. But readers can find very full and competent notes in Reinfeld's "Treasury of British Chess Masterpieces" (Chatto & Windus, 1950).

C: Berger 1922

It seems fitting that in to-day's competition pride of place should go to some more evidence of Blackburne's combinative genius. **A** is a mate in 3 and should hardly be underrated with 4 points. **B**—a mate in 6—should provide a relatively easy 5 ladder-points. As for Berger's study, though—White to draw—this would seem to be well worth 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by December 24.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 24

A: (1) Kt-B2 ch, K-Kt8. (2) Kt-R3 ch, K-R8. (3) B-B3, P-R4 (4) B-R8, P-R5. (5) K-Kt7, Kt moves. (6) K-Kt6 etc.
B: (1) B-Kt2, R-B1. (2) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1. (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1 (4) K-R2! etc.
if (1) . . . R-KR3. (2) R-KKt3 ch, K-R2. (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1. (4) K-Kt1! etc.
if (1) . . . R-B2. (2) R-KR3 ch and mates next move.
if (1) . . . R-KKt3. (2) R-B8 ch and mates next move.
C: (1) R-KKt5, B-Q3. (2) K-K1!, R-R8 ch. (3) K-B2, R x k. (4) R-Q5 ch, B x R stalemate.
if (2) . . . K-K6. (3) K-Q1, R-R8 ch. (4) K-B2, R x R. (5) R-K5 ch, B x R.

Though **B** and **C** were far from easy I have too many flawless solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by J. Mitchell, P. J. Oakley, J. M. Reid, W. K. White. The 5th decade of the ladder competition has been won by Leslie Hale who (though he had to start from scratch in the 2nd) has reached the respectable score of 609. Second prize to E. Hopkinson (587) who left W. T. Maccall a mere 2 points behind. Fourth prize to A. Schneider (553). Not far behind among the "steady plodders" is A. J. Head, as well as J. R. Harman and E. Allan, who were among the winners of the 2nd decade. Like they in the 3rd, so the present winners start from scratch in the 6th decade.

ASSIAC

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EAFRICA via Sahara & Congo. Expd. drivers and/or mechanics invited. Share expenses approx. £200. Box 7633.

GENTLEMAN starting retirement with rail-bus tour Provence, February, seeks companion (m.) paying own exps. Box 7544.

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VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

PERSONAL—continued

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FOR Christmas. Give your friend a year's subscription to the National Book League with its West End Headquarters and restaurant for members' use. Present subscription: London members, one guinea; country members, 10s. 6d. Attractive gift greeting cards available for the purpose, price 6d. on applic. to NBL, 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

JOHN Morris, late Vice-Principal The James Ching Pianoforte School, London, offers a specialised approach to the details of pianoforte technique & interpretation. 26 Warnborough Rd., Oxford. Tel.: 2151.

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SUNDAY Language Circle, French, German, English for foreigners. 4–7 every Sunday. South Kensington Restaurant, 10 The Arcade, S.W.7. Adm. 2s. 6d., self-serv.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

A SKI-ING Vacation in Norway for only £25! Leave the fogs and rain of January in England for two weeks of snow and sunshine in the heart of Norway. The National Union of Students' Travel Department offers this as just one of its attractive winter sports holidays especially suitable for students. There is still time to book for January ski-ing tours in Austria and Switzerland, at prices ranging from £26 for 15 days. If you are not one of the energetic ones, why not spend New Year week in Paris for only £13 10s.? Call, write or 'phone for further details of our Winter and Easter programme, which includes these and many other tours. 1 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 2184.

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P.S. Harold Ingham congratulates the fortunate ones who secured places in his ski parties this month. To any who missed the buses he offers his condolences and hopes that, nevertheless, they enjoy a Happy Christmas and a Continental New Year.

P.P.S. Still a few vacancies in February and at Easter! New Year Resolution? Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

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PICTURESQUE Old Wealden House in quiet setting. Ideal for Author or Writer. Excellent library and book accom. Studio, 4 bed., bath., 3 rec., verandah. Services. Garage. Garden with lily pond, small orchard 1 acre. £4,600 (or near offer). Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch & Sons, Ashford (Tel. 327), Kent.

DELIGHTFUL property 400 feet up outskirts healthy S.C. town 2 hrs. London, eminently suited as Nature Cure establishment. Qualified D.O. available. Good investment, reasonable price. Box 7611.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Natal, Pietermaritzburg and Durban, South Africa. Applications are invited for a Senior Lecturer in History and Political Science, tenable at Pietermaritzburg. Salary scales: men £600×£25—£900 p.a., women £550×£25—£725 p.a., plus cost of living allowance, which is at present £256 p.a. for married men and £109 p.a. for single officers. The initial salary will be determined in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is December 31, 1951.

MINISTRY of Works: Assistant Inspectors of Ancient Monuments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least three pensionable posts. Candidates must be at least 23 years of age on August 1st, 1951. They must have a University Honours degree and enthusiasm for archaeology, preferably with some practical experience thereof. An interest in, knowledge of medieval or later buildings and their contents, particularly those of the Georgian period, will be an advantage. The posts require officers physically fit for active duties. Successful candidates may be required to reside anywhere in Britain. London salary (provisional) £380×£25—£750 (men). Rates for women and in the provinces are slightly lower. Starting pay will normally be the minimum of the scale but additional increments for Forces service and/or approved post-graduate experience is a possibility. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4108/52. Completed applications must be returned by January 3, 1952.

B.B.C. requires male Programme Assistant for Polish Section. Requirements include bi-lingual knowledge of Polish and English and ability to translate perfectly either way, ability to read fluently in Polish on microphone, knowledge of contemporary conditions in Poland and of British way of life, interest in politics and economics and wide knowledge of British and international affairs. Appointment not normally for more than three years. Salary £655 with prospects of promotion. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Polish N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. Children Act, 1948. Applications are invited from men and women, aged 21 to 40, who wish to train as Visiting Officers for boarding-out work, adoption supervision, after care, etc. Candidates should be graduates and/or trained in social science, teaching, health visiting or have comparable qualifications. They should have had some experience of social work or of work with children. Preference will be given to those of 23 and over. The next training courses start in October, 1952, and will be held at Universities. The courses will last twelve months and grants will be available to cover the cost of fees, maintenance and travelling expenses, in case of need. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office (TS), Room 602, Horseferry House, Thorney St., London, S.W.1. Applications should be submitted as soon as possible and in any case not later than March 1, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Boarding Special School Headship, Burrow Hill, St. Catherine's Road, Near Frimley, Surrey. Applications invited for joint engagement as temporary headmaster and temporary matron for 90 delicate boys aged 11-16. Salaries: headmaster—Burnham scale plus two increments plus £110 headmaster's allowance (Burnham group 2(5) subject to review from April 1, 1952); matron—£230×£15—£290 plus an addition of at present 10%. Free board, lodging and laundry for both. Accommodation suitable for headmaster whose wife would be matron but other applicants considered. Vacant Easter 1952. Apply on form TS10/Burrow Hill from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date December 22. (1477)

BRITISH Student Tuberculosis Fund. Secretary-Administrator required. Applicants should be between 25 and 35 years of age. Position may be full-time or part-time; salary according to age and experience. Applications to Hon. Secretary, Room 309, Tavistock House South, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

INSTITUTE of Certified Ambulance Personnel. Vacancy for Organising Secretary. Work from home. Telephone essential. Complete charge all office work, typing, keeping books and records. Initiative encouraged. Not completely full-time. Salary, £7 per week, including personal expenses. Send two references with application to Mrs. E. V. Penn, 63, Parliament Hill, N.W.3.

THE Abbey Community Assocn. reqs. an Assistant Organiser. Salary £300–£400 according to qualifics. For further particulars send stamped addressed envelope to E. Sewell Harris, 29 Marsham St., S.W.1.

RESIDENTIAL Warden or Administrator with wide knowledge of Settlement work required. If married, appointment for wife might be arranged. All applications in writing, marked "Confidential," to Secretary, Bernhard Baron, St. George's Jewish Settlement, Berner St., London, E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPANDING Market Research Department of leading London Advertising Agency requires executive with a sound knowledge of Consumer Research and the ability to control surveys at all stages. Agency experience desirable though not essential. Box 7542.

APPLICATIONS invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Y.M.C.A. Secretaries. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth, and good health. The Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/12, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

MANCHESTER Central Board for Hebrew Education, Cassel-Fox School. Orthodox Jewish teacher required, capable of taking charge immediately of one-stream Infants' School. Preference to one able to teach Hebrew. Salary Burnham Scale. Applications, with copies of testimonials, to Director, Manchester Central Board for Hebrew Education, Bent Street, Manchester, 8.

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MATRON Housemother wanted in January for boarding group (20-25 children); co-educational London day and boarding school. Supervisory duties, organising capacities and real ability handling children. Vocational, interesting work. Box 7598.

YOUNG Lady required to take charge of West End Showroom of well-known domestic appliance manufacturers. Attractive appearance and pleasant personality essential. Experience in selling an asset but not essential as training will be given. Age 18-30. Only applications giving full details of experience, age and salary required, will be considered. Box 7551.

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COUPLE wanted in January, preferably teacher and matron, willing to take over Boarding Department of London Day School. Efficiency; sense of vocation. Reasonable salary or partnership basis. Box 7610.

SECRETARY, part-time, required by Jewish Society. Able to organise lectures & cultural programme. Box 7547.

AT your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Dalton, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

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THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 4923.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"RE-ARMAMENT and the Far East." The causes of the war in the Far East by Sir John Pratt, K.B.E., C.M.G. Published by Britain-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishop's Bridge Road, W.2. Tel. AMB. 6372. Price 4d., post free.

"NEW Story," 2s. 6d. monthly, the magazine for the short story. From "Better Books," Charing X Rd., London, W.C.2. (Annl. sub. 30s. post free). Specimen copy free, on receipt of postage, from "New Story," 6 Boulevard Poissonnière, Paris 9e, France.

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PRESENTS: "Life & Destiny"; Poems by Orway McCannell, 6d., by post 8d. Better Books or Collets, Charing X Rd., W.C.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Bidnburgh. 9.

"PLAISIR de France"; before subscribing to this luxurious French periodical see a specimen copy at A. & M. Agencies, 141c Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 3350.

ROBERT Eisler, "Man into Wolf." 21s.; James Clough, "The Marquis & the Chevalier" (de Sade & Sacher-Masoch), 18s.; John Symonds, "The Great Beast" (A. Crowley), 21s., post extra. Fisher & Sperr, 48 Highgate High St., London, N.6.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 16: "Dr. Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise" (A). Fr. Dec. 17: W. C. Fields "It's a Gift" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3111. Dec. 16, 7.30. "La Belle et la Bête" (A) (French).

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre, 7 R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues., Dec. 18, at 7.30. Patricia Neway (Famous Star of "The Consul"), Frederick Thurston, Ernest Lush, Clarinet Sonatina (Malcolm Arnold); Four Songs (Delio Joio); Three pieces for Clarinet (Stravinsky); Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (Copland). Members free. Non-members 5s., Students 2s. 6d. at R.B.A. Galleries and Chappell's. All enquiries to L.C.M.C. (Tel. Mus. 3930).

THE Dorian Singers. Conductor: Matyas Seiber. Concert of Christmas Carols and Motets. All Souls Church, Langham Place, W.1., at 7.30 p.m., Wed., Dec. 19.

LONDON Opera Guild—Vocal Director Hans Nachod. Schoenberg Memorial Concert. Schoenberg (songs of his early period), Mendelssohn and Mahler. 6.30 p.m., Dec. 16, Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. Adm. 2s. 6d at door or from Secy.: 256 New Road, Richmond, Surrey.

MARYLEBONE Parish Church, W.1. Sat., December 22, at 3.30. The Renaissance Singers, directed by Michael Howard. Recitals of music for Christmas by Vivdana, Busteude, Byrd, Tallis, etc.

THE St. Marylebone Orchestra (Conductor: H. Jack Myers) will present a concert for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Seymour Hall (Public Buts), Seymour Place, W.1., on Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 2s. 6d. (numbered and reserved), 1s. 6d. (unreserved), obtainable in advance.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Punt St., S.W.1. Christmas Party and Dance, Sat., Dec. 22, 7.30 p.m. Ted Macs Band. Adm., Members 3s. 6d., Friends 4s. 6d. (inc. refrs.). Lic. Bar for Mems. only.

THE Half-Century Social Group invite you to a Christmas Party at the "Cranbourne," Gt. Newport St., W.C.1. Tues., Dec. 18, 8 p.m. Dancing, novelties, prizes. Licensed Bar. 3s. 6d. incl. refreshments.

S.C.R. New Year's Eve Party—famous for 4 years as the best in London. Dancing. Book early to avoid disappointment. Thrs. 5s. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1, Sat., 15th at 8 p.m. Buffet. Adm. 1s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Annual Dinner-Dance. Guests of honour: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., and Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Wed., December 19, 6.45 p.m. for 7.15 p.m. at Tavistock Restaurant, 18 Charing X Road, W.C.2. Tickets 14s. 6d. each from Miss M. McMillan, 52 Hampstead Way, N.W.11 (enclose s.a.e.).

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Sat., December 22, 1951, commencing 6.30 p.m. London School of Printing, Stamford St., Waterloo (corner of York Rd./Waterloo Rd.) Post Office or off Blackfriars Rd., near traffic lights). Somers International Band. Admission 4s. Promoter: African League. Trains: Waterloo, Blackfriars. Tkts.: Colonial Students' Hostel, Knightsbridge; Caribbean Labour Congress, 45 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6; West African Students' Union, Chelsea; Paul London Orchestra, 39 Woodstock Rd., W.4.

EXHIBITIONS

INDIA Exhibition House, 28 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Displays of Indian Arts & Crafts, Industrial Products, Natural resources, etc. Mon.-Fri., 9.30 to 5, Sats. 9.30 to 1. Admission free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Pottery by Lucie & Hans Coper; Glass by F. Lampl. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

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A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Xmas Exhibition: Cards, Lithographs. Daily 11-6, Sats. inc.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Oliver Messel designs for a Cochran Production. French and English Colour Lithographs by Rouault, Picasso, Braque, Sutherland, Moore, etc. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

MENINSKY and Adler. Arts Council Memorial Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till December 22. Mons., Weds., Fridays, Sats. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Beautiful French Paintings between 1815 and 1915. Fabric Collages by Margaret Kaye. Last week.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. Special Exhibns.: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Prehistoric Man in Health & Sickness. (Last wks).

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED for Christmas: Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints make lovely presents. Illustrated catalogue 6d. post free from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

PICTURE Fair, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Adm. free. 10-6 daily.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhn. Oils, Water Colours, Drawings. 10-5. Sundays excepted.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VI, including paintings by Corot, Degas, Wilson, Bonington, Courbet, Morisot, Gauguin, Bonnard, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

FOUR Contemporary Painters. Creffield, Holden, Mead, Richmond. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Nov. 27-Dec. 21. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat. 10-1. Last wk.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters (8th series). Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Christmas Exhibition—Illuminations by Dom Robert; Pottery by James Tower; Aeply Reproductions and Ascher Squares.

DALI at The Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Daily 10-5. Sats. 10-12.30 until Dec. 21.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. Second Exhibn. of Paintings by E. Box. Aquarelles by Philippe Jullian. Until Jan. 12.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leics. Sq. Select Paintings, Old and Modern, under 2½gns. Until December 29.

MARLBOROUGH at R.W.S., 26 Conduit St., W.1. Degas Sculpture—73 Bronzes. Open Dec. 7-22. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WEST African Arts Club. Monsieur A. Maurice, Founder of Union Africaine des Arts et des Lettres, speaks on its Work in the Congo and Belgium. Sir Eugen Millington Drake reads African poetry. Chairman: Henry Swanzy. Mon., Dec. 17, Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Tea 5 p.m., meeting 5.30 p.m. Admission free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sundays Mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 16: Archibald Robertson, M.A.: "Atheism and Ethics." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

M. L. BURNET, "Where Love is Not ——" Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., Dec. 16, at 7.45.

CHRISTIAN (Action Lunch-hour Forums. Caxton Hall, T.15, December 18, Christopher Mayhew on U.N.O. Buffet. Second series begins on January 15.

"TRADE with Czechoslovakia—What it Means to You." Speaker: Mr. Gordon Schaffer, who went to Prague for this year's Trade Fair. Wed., Dec. 19, 7.45 p.m., at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Chair: Mr. Eric Stevenson. Adm. free. All welc. Org. by B.C.F.L.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 22, at 6 p.m. Mr. H. Glyssenaar: "Ins Blave durch Europa."

SHAW Society presents Jacques Barzun (author of "Berlioz and the Romantic Century"); chair: Alan Dent. 57 Dean St., W.1. Dec. 18, 7 p.m., 2s. 6d. (or 2s. from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18).

ILLUSTRATED talk on Wit Stwosz, great wood-carver of Middle Ages, by S. Osiakowski, Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Fri., Dec. 14, 7.45 p.m. All welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Dec. 16: Many Saviours.

H. J. Blackham, "The Hatred of Modern Civilization." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun. Dec. 16, 11 a.m.

"THE Christmas Tradition in Many Faiths," Mrs. Adelaide Gardner. Sun., Dec. 16, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Dec. 18, Mrs. Dora Russell, "Soviet Women To-day." Admission free. Collection.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

"ARCTIC Harvest." A lecture will be given by Lt.-Comdr. Ian R. Henderson, R.N.V.R., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Dec. 17, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Kingsway Hall. Dec. 18: "Jesus Christ."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Dec. 17. Films: "Queen Christina" (Greta Garbo), "La Montagne est Verte." Dec. 21, Lecture by Jacques Banun, "Shaw and Music" (Chair: Neville Cardus).

TARBUT La'am Jewish Cultural Centre, 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Sunday, December 16, at 8 p.m. "Problems of Musical Life in Israel," Walter Goehr. Wed., Dec. 19, "Hebrew To-day": Dr. Chaim Rabin.

FRIENDS' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Tues., Dec. 18, at 5.30 p.m., under the auspices of the Musicians' Organisation for Peace, Sir John Pratt on "The Far Eastern Crisis." Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"JUDAISM and Christianity"—Addresses at Sunday Morning Services. Dec. 16: Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., on "Judaism and Christianity—Agreements and Differences." Dec. 23: Albert I. Polack, M.A. (Education Officer, Council of Christians and Jews) on "What Jews and Christians are doing to Eliminate Misunderstanding and Prejudice." 11 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

FILM Course. The British Film Institute will repeat its successful course of last year on Appreciation of the Film. Five days, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. daily, December 31 to January 4 at the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. Lecturers: Penelope Houston, John Huntley, Gavin Lambert, Ernest Lindgren, Roger Manvell, Stanley Reed, Paul Rotha. Film programmes from the National Film Library collection. The course is non-residential; tuition fees 30s. Enrolment form from the Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

PENDLEY Manor. January 4-6. Introduction to Puppetry. Instructor: Lawrence Prinsmer (Parvo Puppets). The course will include demonstrations of Glove and Marionette puppets, with practical sessions on construction, staging, lighting, etc. Jan. 16, Folk Dance: Country, Morris, Sword—under E.F.D.S.S. instructors. Full parties from Sec., Pendley Manor, Tring. Tring 2302.

SPANISH Day Course (optional Portuguese Section). Dec. 31-Jan. 5. Also evening classes, Spanish from Jan. 14, Portuguese from Jan. 9. Details, Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Councils, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1. Quote advertisement.

PROG. Training Centre for Jewish Youth, 15½-17½ yrs. Pract. & Theor. Study in Soc. Science, Agric. Workshops, domestic economy. Session starts Jan. Scholarships. Dower House, Hatfield Heath, Bishop's Stortford. HOL 5018.

LONDON University and other exams.: The University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Gen.); Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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LECTURE COURSES, Etc.—continued

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 718 and 719

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